Dr. Samuel Johnſon's tour through his Majeſty's Northern dominions has been very extenſive. After being ſome days at Edinburgh, he and Mr. Boſwell, who have for theſe many years talked of viſiting the Hebrides, went by Kinghorn, Cupar, St. Andrew's, Dundee, Aberbrothick, Montroſe, Aberdeen, Bamff, Cullen, Elgin, Forres, Nairn, Inverneſs, Fort Auguſtus, and through the wilds of Glenmoriſton and Glenſhiel, to Bernera. From thence they ſailed to the Iſle of Sky, the greateſt part of which they traverſed in their progreſs. They alſo made an excurſion to the iſland of Raſay, which is not far diſtant from Sky. The weather proved unluckily worſe than uſual even in that region, ſo that they were detained on the point of Slate a conſiderable time before they could get clear from Sky, in their courſe to the iſland of Mull, beyond which lies Icolmkill, which was a capital object of their curioſity; and when they had ſailed, at laſt the wind turned againſt them before they could reach Mull, drove them to the iſland of Coll, where they were kept by ſtorms for a fortnight. At length they got looſe, and arrived in Mull, over a good part of which they travelled by land. They were in the Iſles of Ulva and Inchhenneth, but could not get to Staffa, though near it, the ſurges were ſo high. They got a good paſſage to Icolmkill, and viewed the ancient buildings there with minute attention. They returned through Mull, and croſſed over to the main land of Argyleſhire, and then proceeded to Inverary, from whence they came to Edinburgh on Tueſday.

In the courſe of this progreſs Dr. Johnſon has ſeen the four Univerſity towns, many of the nobleſt religious ruins, the moſt rude and the beſt cultivated parts of Scotland, iſlands of different kinds, caves, caſcades, and other natural curioſities, with a variety of manners and cuſtoms altogether new to one who has ſpent his life in the South of England, and chiefly in London.

for it.

This morning was married, at St. Bride's Church, Fleet-ſtreet, Mr. Proctor, of Saliſbury-court, belonging to the Cuſtom-houſe, to Mrs. Burch, a Widow Lady of great eſtate in Eſſex.

Yeſterday arrived an expreſs at Kingſton Houſe, Knightſbridge, from Bath, with an account of the death of his Grace the Duke of Kingſton, of a palſy, about two o'clock that morning.—His Grace ſucceeded his grandfather, Evelyn Duke of Kingſton, March 5, 1725-6, William, his father, dying in the life time of his grandfather, at the age of twenty-one, July 1, 1713, leaving iſſue, by Rachel, the daughter of Thomas Baynton, Eſq; his Grace, and an only daughter, Lady Frances, married to Philip Meadows, Eſq; eldeſt ſon and heir of Sir Philip Meadows, Knight-Marſhal. His Grace, in July 8, 1738, was conſtituted Maſter of the Stag Hounds, on the North of the Trent; and on March 20, 1741, was elected Knight of the Garter, and inſtalled April 21 following, and made one of the Lords of the Bedchamber to his Majeſty, which he afterwards reſigned.—In 1745, in the breaking out of the rebellion in Scotland, his Grace raiſed a regiment of horſe for the ſervice of the government. On a promotion of General Officers, March 19, 1755, he was conſtituted Major General; and in February 4, 1759, promoted to the rank of Lieutenant General.—At the coronation of the preſent King, September 22, 1761, his Grace carried St. Edward's Staff.—

On Jan. 10, 1763, was appointed Lord Lieutenant of the county and town of Nottingham; and on the 29th of the ſame month was appointed Steward and Keeper of the Foreſt of Sherwood, and Park of Folewood, in Nottinghamſhire, in the room of the Duke of Newcaſtle.—His Grace married the Hon. Miſs Chudleigh, in 1769, by whom he had no iſſue.

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BRITISH
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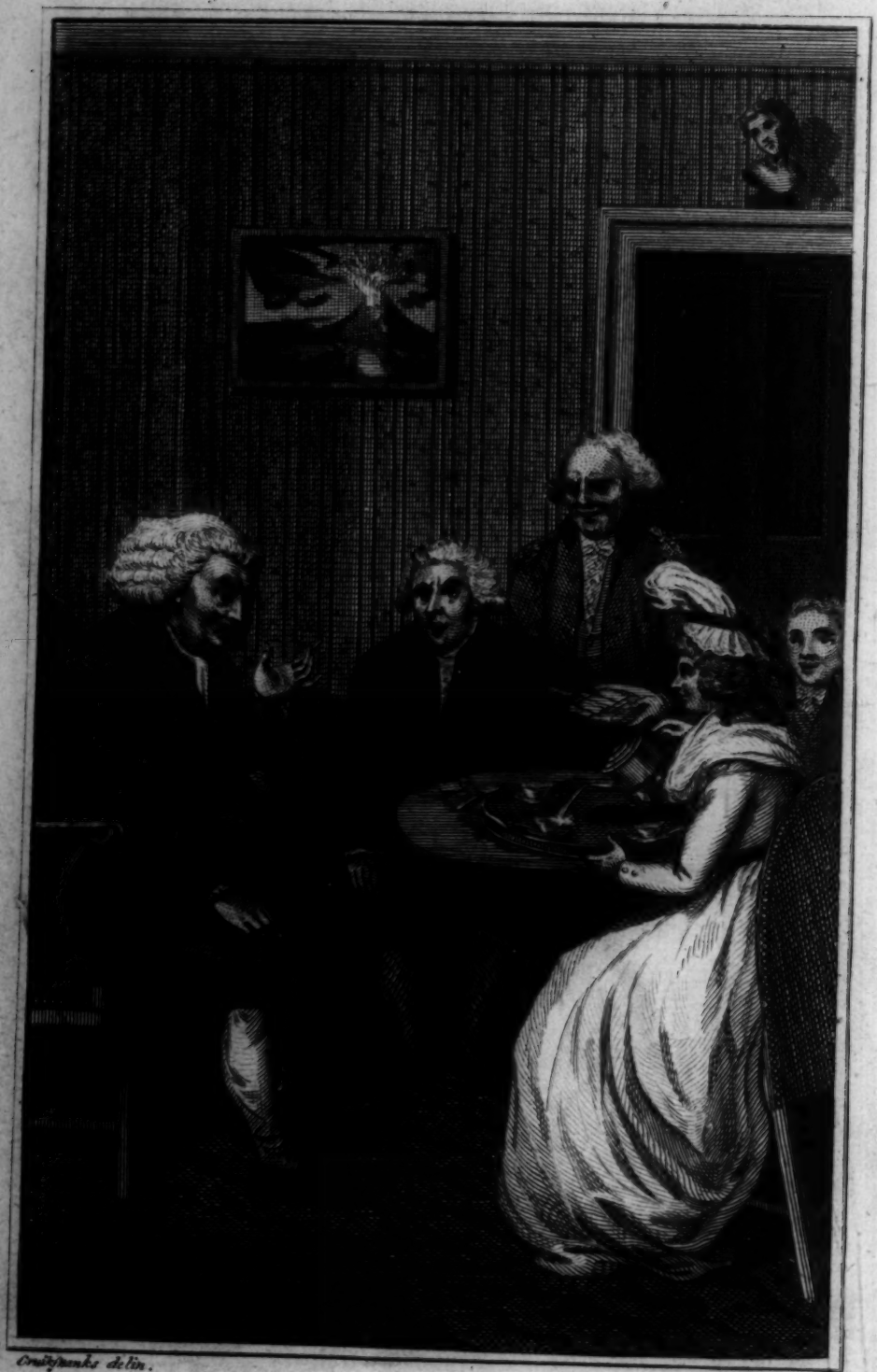

Cruikshanks delin.

Barlow Sculp.

Mrs THRALE's Breakfast Table.

Published as the Act directs, by Locke & Brewman, Nov.r 10.th 1791.

THE

WITTICISMS, ANECDOTES, JESTS, AND SAYINGS,

OF

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON, K

DURING

THE WHOLE COURSE OF HIS LIFE.

COLLECTED

From BOSWELL, PIOZZI, HAWKINS, BARETTI, BEAUCLERK, SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS,

And other Gentlemen in the Habits of Intimacy with the DOCTOR.

AND

A FULL ACCOUNT

OF

Dr. Johnſon's Converſation with the King.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A great Number of Jeſts,

In which the moſt diſtinguiſhed Wits of the preſent Century bore a Part.

By J. MERRY, Eſq. of Pembroke College.

By Nature's Gifts ordain'd Mankind to rule,
He, like a Titian, form'd his brilliant School;
And taught congenial Spirits to excel,
While from his Lips impreſſive Wiſdom fell.

COURTENAY.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE EDITOR;

AND SOLD BY D. BREWMAN, NEW STREET, SHOE LANE; W. LOCKE, RED LION STREET, HOLBORN; AND ALL OTHER BOOKSELLERS.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIX-PENCE.]

1791.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

WITTICISMS AND JESTS

OF

DOCTOR JOHNSON.

A DULL country magiſtrate gave Johnſon a long tedious account of his exerciſing his criminal juriſdiction, the reſult of which was his having ſentenced four convicts to tranſportation. Johnſon, in an agony of impatience to get rid of ſuch a companion, exclaimed, "I heartily wiſh, Sir, that I were a fifth."

JOHNSON having argued for ſome time with a pertinacious gentleman; his opponent, who had talked in a very puzzling manner, happened to ſay, "I don't underſtand you, Sir:" upon which Johnſon obſerved, "Sir, I have found you an argument; but I am not obliged to find you an underſtanding."

SIR Joſhua Reynolds having ſaid that he took the altitude of a man's taſte by his ſtories and his wit, and of his underſtanding by the remarks which he repeated; being always ſure that he muſt be a weak man who quotes common things with an emphaſis as if they were oracles—Johnſon agreed with him; and Sir Joſhua having alſo ob-

ſerved that the real character of a man was found out by his amuſements—*Johnſon.* "Yes, Sir; no man is a hypocrite in his pleaſures."

JOHNSON was preſent when a tragedy was read, in which there occurred this line:

"Who rules o'er freemen ſhould himſelf be free."

The company having admired it much, "I cannot agree with you (ſaid Johnſon): it might as well be ſaid,

'Who drives fat oxen ſhould himſelf be fat."

THE difference, Johnſon obſerved, between a well-bred and an ill-bred man is this: One immediately attracts your liking, the other your averſion. You love the one till you find reaſon to hate him; you hate the other till you find reaſon to love him.

THE wife of one of his acquaintance had fraudulently made a purſe to herſelf out of her huſband's fortune. Feeling a proper compunction in her laſt moments, ſhe confeſſed how much ſhe had ſecreted; but before ſhe could tell where it was placed, ſhe was ſeized with a convulſive fit and expired. Her huſband ſaid, he was more hurt by her want of confidence in him, than by the loſs of his money. "I told him (ſaid Johnſon) that he ſhould conſole himſelf; for *perhaps* the money might be *found*, and he was *ſure* that his wife was *gone*."

THOUGH he had no taſte for painting, he admired much the manner in which Sir Joſhua Reynolds treated of his art, in his "Diſcourſes

to

to the Royal Academy." He obſerved of a paſſage one day, "I think I might as well have ſaid this myſelf." And once when Mr. Langton was ſitting by him, he read one of them very eagerly, and expreſſed himſelf thus: "Very well, Maſter Reynolds; very well, indeed. But it will not be underſtood."

A FOPPISH phyſician imagined that Johnſon had animadverted on his wearing a fine coat, and mentioned it to him. "I did not notice you;" was his anſwer. The phyſician ſtill inſiſted. "Sir, (ſaid Johnſon) had you been dipt in Pactolus, I ſhould not have noticed you."

TALKING of a very reſpectable author, he told a curious circumſtance in his life to a large company: it was, that he had married a printer's devil. *Reynolds.* "A printer's devil, Sir! Why, I thought a printer's devil was a creature with a black face and in rags." *Johnſon.* "Yes, Sir. But I ſuppoſe, he had her face waſhed, and put clean cloaths on her. (Then looking very ſerious, and very earneſt) And ſhe did not diſgrace him—the woman had a bottom of good ſenſe." The word *bottom* thus introduced, was ſo ludicrous, when contraſted with his gravity, that moſt of the company could not forbear tittering and laughing, while Miſs Hannah More ſlily hid her face behind a lady's back who ſat on the ſame ſettee with her. His pride could not bear that any expreſſion of his ſhould excite ridicule, when he did not intend it; he therefore reſolved to aſſume and exerciſe deſpotic power, glanced ſternly around, and called out in a ſtrong tone, "Where's the merriment?" Then collecting himſelf, and looking aweful, to make them feel how he could impoſe reſtraint,

and

and as it were ſearching his mind for a ſtill more ludicrous word, he ſlowly pronounced, "I ſay the *woman* was *fundamentally* ſenſible."

At Mr. Thrale's, one evening, he repeated his uſual paradoxical declamation againſt action in public ſpeaking. "Action can have no effect upon reaſonable minds. It may augment noiſe, but it never can enforce argument. If you ſpeak to a dog, you uſe action; you hold up your hand thus, becauſe he is a brute; and in proportion as men are removed from brutes, action will have the leſs influence upon them." "What then, Sir, (ſaid Mrs. Thrale) becomes of Demoſthenes's ſaying? 'Action, action, action!" "Demoſthenes, Madam, ſpoke to an aſſembly of brutes; to a barbarous people."

Talking one day of the danger of marrying pretty women, Johnſon ſaid, "It is a very fooliſh reſolution to reſolve not to marry a pretty woman. Beauty is of itſelf very eſtimable. No, Sir, I would prefer a pretty woman, unleſs there are objections to her. A pretty woman may be fooliſh; a pretty woman may be wicked; a pretty woman may not like me. But there is no ſuch danger in marrying a pretty woman as is apprehended; ſhe will not be perſecuted if ſhe does not invite perſecution. A pretty woman, if ſhe has a mind to be wicked, can find a readier way than another; and that is all."

Lord Cheſterfield being mentioned, Johnſon remarked, that almoſt all of that celebrated nobleman's witty ſayings were puns. He, however, allowed the merit of good wit to his Lordſhip's

ſaying

ſaying of Lord Tyrawley and himſelf, when both very old and infirm: "Tyrawley and I have been dead theſe two years; but we don't chooſe to have it known."

It was a very remarkable circumſtance about Johnſon, whom ſhallow obſervers have ſuppoſed to have been ignorant of the world, that very few men had ſeen greater variety of characters; and none could obſerve them better, as was evident from the ſtrong, yet nice portraits which he often drew. Mr. Boſwell frequently thought that if he had made out what the French call *une catalogue raiſonnée* of all the people who had paſſed under his obſervation, it would have afforded a very rich fund of inſtruction and entertainment. The ſuddenneſs with which his accounts of ſome of them ſtarted out in converſation, was not leſs pleaſing than ſurpriſing. "It is wonderful, Sir," ſaid he to Mr. B. "what is to be found in London. The moſt literary converſation that I ever enjoyed, was at the table of Jack Ellis, a money-ſcrivener behind the Royal-Exchange, with whom I at one period uſed to dine generally once a week."

Volumes would be required to contain a liſt of his numerous and various acquaintance, none of whom he ever forgot; and could deſcribe and diſcriminate them all with preciſion and vivacity. He aſſociated with perſons the moſt widely different in manners, abilities, rank, and accompliſhments. He was at once the companion of the brilliant Colonel Forreſter of the guards, who wrote "The Polite Philoſopher," and of the aukward and uncouth Robert Levett; of Lord Thurlow, and Mr. Saſtres, the Italian maſter; and has dined one day with the beautiful, gay,

and

and faſcinating Lady Craven *, and the next with good Mrs. Gardiner the tallow-chandler, on Snow-hill.

He played off his wit againſt Scotland one evening with a good humoured pleaſantry, which gave Mr. Boſwell, though no bigot to national prejudices, an opportunity for a little conteſt with him; and having ſaid that England was obliged to his countrymen for gardeners, almoſt all their good gardeners being Scotchmen—*Johnſon.* "Why, Sir, that is becauſe gardening is much more neceſſary amongſt you than with us, which makes ſo many of your people learn it. It is *all* gardening with you. Things which grow wild here, muſt be cultivated with great care in Scotland. Pray now, (throwing himſelf back in his chair, and laughing) are you ever able to bring the *ſloe* to perfection?"

A gentleman having to ſome of the uſual arguments for drinking added this: "You know, Sir, drinking drives away care, and makes us forget whatever is diſagreeable. Would not you allow a man to drink for that reaſon?" "Yes, Sir, (ſaid the Doctor) if he ſat next *you.*"

He would not allow Scotland to derive any credit from Lord Mansfield; for he was educated in England. "Much (ſaid he) may be made of a Scotchman, if he be *caught* young."

* Lord Macartney, who with his other diſtinguiſhed qualities, is remarkable alſo for an elegant pleaſantry, told Mr. Boſwell, that he met Johnſon at Lady Craven's, and that he ſeemed jealous of any interference; "So (ſaid his Lordſhip, ſmiling,) I kept back."

I never

I NEVER take a nap after dinner but when I have had a bad night; and then the nap takes me!

THERE is now leſs flogging in our great ſchools than formerly; but then leſs is learned there: ſo that what the boys get at one end, they loſe at the other.

AFTER having talked ſlightingly of muſic, he was obſerved to liſten very attentively while Miſs Thrale played on the harpſichord, and with eagerneſs he called to her, "Why don't you daſh away like Burney?" Dr. Burney upon this ſaid to him, "I believe, Sir, we ſhall make a muſician of you at laſt." Johnſon with candid complacency replied, "Sir, I ſhall be glad to have a new ſenſe given to me."

HE had come down one morning to the breakfaſt-room, and been a conſiderable time by himſelf before any body appeared. When on a ſubſequent day, he was twitted by Mrs. Thrale for being very late, which he generally was, he defended himſelf by alluding to the extraordinary morning, when he had been too early: "Madam, I do not like to come down to *vacuity*."

DR. Burney having remarked that Mr. Garrick was beginning to look old, he ſaid, "Why, Sir, you are not to wonder at that; no man's face has had more *wear* and *tear*."

Two young women from Staffordſhire viſited him when Dr. Maxwell was preſent, to conſult him on the ſubject of Methodiſm, to which they

were inclined. "Come (ſaid he,) you pretty fools, dine with Maxwell and me at the Mitre, and we will talk over that ſubject;" which they did, and after dinner he took one of them upon his knee, and fondled her for half an hour together.

Upon a viſit to Dr. Maxwell at a country lodging near Twickenham, he aſked him what ſort of ſociety he had there. The Doctor told him, but indifferent; as they chiefly conſiſted of opulent traders, retired from buſineſs. He ſaid, he never much liked that claſs of people; "For, Sir, (ſaid he,) they have loſt the civility of tradeſmen, without acquiring the manners of gentlemen."

When exaſperated by contradiction, he was apt to treat his opponents with too much acrimony; as, "Sir, you don't ſee your way through that queſtion.—Sir, you talk the language of ignorance." On Dr. Maxwell obſerving to him that a certain gentleman had remained ſilent the whole evening, in the midſt of a very brilliant and learned ſociety, "Sir, (ſaid he,) the converſation *overflowed*, and *drowned* him."

Speaking of Mr. Hanway, who publiſhed A Six Weeks Tour through the South of England, "Jonas (ſaid he,) acquired ſome reputation by travelling abroad, but loſt it all by travelling at home."

Of the paſſion of love he remarked, that its violence and ill effects were much exaggerated! for who has known any real ſufferings on that head,

head, more than from the exorbitancy of any other paſſion?

Of Dr. Prieſtley's theological works, he remarked, that they tended to unſettle every thing, and yet ſettled nothing.—The ſame, we preſume, may be ſaid of his political effuſions!

Speaking of the French novels, compared with Richardſon's, he ſaid they might be pretty baubles, but a wren was not an eagle.

In a Latin converſation with the Pere Boſcovitz, at the houſe of Mrs. Cholmondeley, Dr. Maxwell heard him maintain the ſuperiority of Sir Iſaac Newton over all foreign philoſophers, with a dignity and eloquence that ſurprized that learned foreigner. It being obſerved to him, that a rage for every thing Engliſh prevailed much in France after Lord Chatham's glorious war, he ſaid, he did not wonder at it, for that we had drubbed thoſe fellows into a proper reverence for us, and that their national petulance required periodical chaſtiſement!

Lord Lyttelton's Dialogues, he deemed a nugatory performance. "That man (ſaid he,) ſat down to write a book, to tell the world what the world had all his life been telling him."

Being aſked by a young nobleman, what was become of the gallantry and military ſpirit of the old Engliſh nobility, he replied, Why, my Lord, I'll tell you what is become of it; it is gone into the city to look for a fortune.

SPEAKING of a dull, tireſome fellow, whom he chanced to meet, he ſaid, "That fellow ſeems to me to poſſeſs but one idea, and that is a wrong one."

MUCH inquiry having been made concerning a gentleman who had quitted a company where Johnſon was, and no information being obtained; at laſt Johnſon obſerved, "That he did not care to ſpeak ill of any man behind his back, but he believed the gentleman was an *attorney!*"

HE remarked, that a London pariſh was a very comfortleſs thing; for the clergyman ſeldom knew the face of one out of ten of his pariſhioners.

A GENTLEMAN who had been very unhappy in marriage, married immediately after his wife died: Johnſon ſaid, it was the triumph of *hope* over *experience.*

HE obſerved, that a man of ſenſe and education ſhould meet a ſuitable companion in a wife. It was a miſerable thing when the converſation could only be ſuch as, whether the mutton ſhould be boiled or roaſted, and probably a diſpute about that.

HE ſaid foppery was never cured; it was the bad ſtamina of the mind, which, like thoſe of the body, were never rectified: once a coxcomb, and always a coxcomb.

BEING told that Gilbert Cowper called him the Caliban of literature; "Well, (ſaid he,) I muſt dub him the Punchinello."

THOUGH

THOUGH he often enlarged upon the evil of intoxication, he was by no means harſh and unforgiving to thoſe who indulged in occaſional exceſs in wine. One of his friends came to ſup at a tavern with him and ſome other gentlemen, and too plainly diſcovered that he had drunk too much at dinner. When one who loved miſchief, thinking to produce a ſevere cenſure, aſked Johnſon, ſome days afterwards, "Well, Sir, what did your friend ſay to you, as an apology for being in ſuch a ſituation?" Johnſon anſwered, "Sir, he ſaid all that a man *ſhould* ſay: he ſaid he was ſorry for it."

A SHIP is worſe than a gaol. There is, in a gaol, better air, better company, better convenience of every kind; and a ſhip has the additional diſadvantage of being in danger. When men come to like a ſea-life, they are not fit to live on land.

JOHNSON cenſured Gwyn, an architect, for taking down a church which might have ſtood many years, and building a new one at a different place, for no other reaſon but that there might be a direct road to a new bridge; and his expreſſion was, "You are taking a church out of the way, that the people may go in a ſtraight line to the bridge."—"No, Sir, (ſaid Gwyn) I am putting the church *in* the way, that the people may not *go out of the way*."

MARRIAGE is the beſt ſtate for man in general; and every man is a worſe man, in proportion as he is unfit for the married ſtate.

DR.

Dr. Johnſon ſaid to Mr. Boſwell one morning, "You will ſee, Sir, at Mr. Hector's, his ſiſter, Mrs. Careleſs, a clergyman's widow. She was the firſt woman with whom I was in love. It dropt out of my head imperceptibly; but ſhe and I ſhall always have a kindneſs for each other." He laughed at the notion that a man never can be really in love but once, and conſidered it as a mere romantic fancy.

Matrimony — a conversation. — *Boſwell.* "Pray, Sir, do you not ſuppoſe that there are fifty women in the world, with any one of whom a man may be as happy, as with any one woman in particular?" *Johnſon.* "Aye, fifty thouſand." *Boſwell.* "Then, Sir, you are not of opinion with ſome who imagine that certain men and certain women are made for each other; and that they cannot be happy if they miſs their counterparts?" *Johnſon.* "To be ſure not, Sir. I believe marriages would in general be as happy, and often more ſo, if they were all made by the Lord Chancellor, upon a due conſideration of characters and circumſtances, without the parties having any choice in the matter."

A physician being mentioned who had loſt his practice, becauſe his whimſically changing his religion had made people diſtruſtful of him, Mr. Boſwell maintained that this was unreaſonable, as religion is unconnected with medical ſkill. *Johnſon.* "Sir, it is not unreaſonable; for when people ſee a man abſurd in what they underſtand, they may conclude the ſame of him in what they do not underſtand. If a phyſician were to take to eating of horſe-fleſh, nobody would employ him; though one

one may eat horſe-fleſh, and be a very ſkilful phyſician. If a man were educated in an abſurd religion, his continuing to profeſs it would not hurt him, though his changing to it would."

I WOULD not have you be gay (ſaid the Doctor to a friend) in the preſence of the diſtreſſed, becauſe it would ſhock them; but you may be gay at a diſtance. Pain for the loſs of a friend, or of a relation whom we love, is occaſioned by the want which we feel. In time the vacuity is filled with ſomething elſe; or, ſometimes the vacuity cloſes up of itſelf.

NEVER ſpeak of a man in his own preſence. It is always indelicate, and may be offenſive.

QUESTIONING is not the mode of converſation among gentlemen. It is aſſuming a ſuperiority; and it is particularly wrong to queſtion a man concerning himſelf. There may be parts of his former life which he may not wiſh to be made known to other perſons, or even brought to his own recollection.

A MAN ſhould be careful never to tell tales of himſelf to his own diſadvantage. People may be amuſed and laugh at the time, but they will be remembered, and brought out againſt him upon ſome ſubſequent occaſion.

THERE is nothing againſt which an old man ſhould be ſo much upon his guard as putting himſelf to *nurſe*.

He

He ſaid, "It is commonly a weak man who marries for love." We (the Doctor and Mr. Boſwell) then talked of marrying women of fortune; and Mr. B. mentioned a common remark, that a man may be, upon the whole, richer by marrying a woman with a very ſmall portion, becauſe a woman of fortune will be proportionably expenſive; whereas a woman who brings none will be very moderate in expences. *Johnſon.* "Depend upon it, Sir, this is not true. A woman of fortune being uſed to the handling of money, ſpends it judiciouſly: but a woman who gets the command of money for the firſt time upon her marriage, has ſuch a guſt in ſpending it, that ſhe throws it away with great profuſion."

He praiſed the ladies of the preſent age, inſiſting that they were more faithful to their huſbands, and more virtuous in every reſpect, than in former times, becauſe their underſtandings were better cultivated. It was an undoubted proof of his good ſenſe and good diſpoſition, that he was never querulous, never prone to inveigh againſt the preſent times, as is ſo common when ſuperficial minds are on the fret.

CONVERSATION—ON THE NECESSITY OF RESTRAINING FORNICATION—AND ON CONJUGAL INFIDELITY.—*Johnſon.* "In the barbarous ages, Sir, prieſts and people were equally deceived; but afterwards there were groſs corruptions introduced by the clergy, ſuch as indulgences to prieſts to have concubines, and the worſhip of images, not, indeed, inculcated, but knowingly permitted." He ſtrongly cenſured the licenſed ſtews at Rome. *Boſwell.* "So then, Sir, you would

would allow of no irregular intercourſe whatever between the ſexes?" *Johnſon.* "To be ſure I would not, Sir. I would puniſh it much more than is done, and ſo reſtrain it. In all countries there has been fornication, as in all countries there has been theft; but there may be more or leſs of the one, as well as of the other, in proportion to the force of law. All men will naturally commit fornication, as all men will naturally ſteal. And, Sir, it is very abſurd to argue, as has been often done, that proſtitutes are neceſſary to prevent the violent effects of appetite from violating the decent order of life; nay, ſhould be permitted, in order to preſerve the chaſtity of our wives and daughters. Depend upon it, Sir, ſevere laws, ſteadily enforced, would be ſufficient againſt thoſe evils, and would promote marriage."

Mr. Boſwell ſtated to him this caſe:—"Suppoſe a man has a daughter who he knows has been ſeduced, but her misfortune is concealed from the world: ſhould he keep her in his houſe? Would he not, by doing ſo, be acceſſary to impoſition? And, perhaps, a worthy unſuſpecting man might come and marry this woman, unleſs the father inform him of the truth." *Johnſon.* "Sir, he is acceſſary to no impoſition. His daughter is in his houſe; and if a man courts her, he takes his chance. If a friend, or indeed if any man, aſks his opinion whether he ſhould marry her, he ought to adviſe him againſt it, without telling why, becauſe his real opinion is then required. Or, if he has other daughters who know of her frailty, he ought not to keep her in his houſe. You are to conſider the ſtate of life is this; we are to judge of one another's

characters as well as we can; and a man is not bound, in honeſty or honour, to tell us the faults of his daughter or of himſelf. A man who has debauched his friend's daughter is not obliged to ſay to every body—'Take care of me; don't let me into your houſes without ſuſpicion. I once debauched a friend's daughter: I may debauch your's."

Mr. Boſwell repeated to him an argument of a lady of his acquaintance, who maintained, that her huſband's having been guilty of numberleſs infidelities, releaſed her from conjugal obligations, becauſe they were reciprocal. *Johnſon.* "This is miſerable ſtuff, Sir. To the contract of marriage, beſides the man and wife, there is a third party—Society; and, if it be conſidered as a vow—God: and, therefore, it cannot be diſſolved by their conſent alone. Laws are not made for particular caſes, but for mankind in general. A woman may be unhappy with her huſband; but ſhe cannot be freed from him without the approbation of the civil and eccleſiaſtical power. A man may be unhappy, becauſe he is not ſo rich as another; but he is not to ſeize upon another's property with his own hand." *Boſwell.* "But, Sir, this lady does not want that the contract ſhould be diſſolved; ſhe only argues that ſhe may indulge herſelf in gallantries with equal freedom as her huſband does, provided ſhe takes care not to introduce a ſpurious iſſue into his family. You know, Sir, what Macrobius has told us of Julia." *Johnſon.* "This lady of your's, Sir, I think, is very fit for a brothel."

Upon the queſtion whether a man who had been guilty of vicious actions would do well to force himſelf

himſelf into ſolitude and ſadneſs; *Johnſon.* "No, Sir, unleſs it prevent him from being vicious again. With ſome people, gloomy penitence is only madneſs turned upſide down. A man may be gloomy, till, in order to be relieved from gloom, he has recourſe again to criminal indulgences."

OF a nobleman raiſed at a very early period to high office, he ſaid, "His parts, Sir, are pretty well for a Lord; but would not be diſtinguiſhed in a man who had nothing elſe but his parts."

TALKING of a penurious gentleman, Johnſon ſaid, "Sir, he is narrow, not ſo much from avarice, as from impotence to ſpend his money. He cannot find in his heart to pour out a bottle of wine; but he would not much care if it ſhould ſour."

IT having been mentioned, that a certain female political writer, whoſe doctrines the Doctor diſliked, had of late become very fond of dreſs, ſat hours together at her toilet, and even put on rouge—*Johnſon* ſaid, "She is better employed at her toilet than uſing her pen. It is better ſhe ſhould be reddening her own cheeks, than blackening other people's characters."

JOHNSON ſaid of Chatterton, "This is the moſt extraordinary young man that has encountered my knowledge. It is wonderful how the *whelp* has written ſuch things."

JOHNSON and Boſwell being at Briſtol, were by no means pleaſed with their inn. "Let us ſee

now, (ſaid Boſwell) how we ſhould deſcribe it." Johnſon was ready with his raillery: "Deſcribe it, Sir?—Why, it was ſo bad, that Boſwell wiſhed to be in Scotland!"

GARRICK (he obſerved) does not play the part of Archer in "The Beaux Stratagem" well. The gentleman ſhould break out through the footman, which is not the caſe as he does it.

WHERE there is no education, as in ſavage countries, men will have the upper hand of women. Bodily ſtrength, no doubt, contributes to this: but it would be ſo, excluſive of that; for it is mind that always governs. When it comes to dry underſtanding, man has the better.

THERE is much talk of the miſery which we cauſe to the brute creation; but they are recompenſed by exiſtence. If they were not uſeful to man, and therefore protected by him, they would not be nearly ſo numerous. This argument is to be found in the able and benignant Hutchinſon's "Moral Philoſophy." But the queſtion is, whether the animals who endure ſuch ſufferings of various kinds, for the ſervice and entertainment of man, would accept of exiſtence upon the terms on which they have it. Madame Sevigné, who, though ſhe had many enjoyments, felt with delicate ſenſibility the prevalence of miſery, complains of the taſk of exiſtence having been impoſed upon her without her conſent.

THAT man is never happy for the *preſent*, is ſo true, that all his relief from unhappineſs is only forgetting himſelf for a little while. Life is a progreſs

greſs from want to want, not from enjoyment to enjoyment.

THOUGH many men are nominally entruſted with the adminiſtration of hoſpitals and other public inſtitutions, almoſt all the good is done by one man, by whom the reſt are driven on; owing to confidence in him, and indolence in them.

No man was a more attentive and nice obſerver of behaviour in thoſe in whoſe company he happened to be, that Johnſon; or, however ſtrange it may ſeem to many, had a higher eſtimation of its refinement. One day when he and Lord Eliot were at dinner at a gentleman's houſe in London, upon Lord Cheſterfield's Letters being mentioned, Johnſon ſurpriſed the company by this ſentence: "Every man of any education would rather be called a raſcal, than accuſed of deficiency in the *graces*." Mr. Gibbon, who was preſent, turned to a lady who knew the Doctor well, and lived much with him, and in his quaint manner, tapping his box, addreſſed her thus: "Don't you think, Madam, (looking towards Johnſon) that, among *all* your acquaintance, you could find *one* exception?" The lady ſmiled, and ſeemed to acquieſce.

WHEN Mr. Boſwell complained of having dined at a ſplendid table without hearing one ſentence of converſation worthy of being remembered, Johnſon ſaid, "Sir, there ſeldom is any ſuch converſation." *Boſwell.* "Why then meet at table?" *Johnſon.* "Why to eat and drink together, and promote kindneſs; and, Sir, this is better done when there is no ſolid converſation; for when there

there is, people differ in opinion, and get into bad humour, or ſome of the company who are not capable of ſuch converſation, are left out, and feel themſelves uneaſy. It was for this reaſon, Sir Robert Walpole ſaid, he always talked bawdy at his table, becauſe in that all could join."

THE firſt time, ſaid the Doctor, I was in company with Foote, was at Fitzherbert's. Having no good opinion of the fellow, I was reſolved not to be pleaſed, and it is very difficult to pleaſe a man againſt his will. I went on eating my dinner pretty ſullenly, affecting not to mind him. But the dog was ſo very comical, that I was obliged to lay down my knife and fork, throw myſelf back upon my chair, and fairly laugh it out. No, Sir, he was irreſiſtible. He upon one occaſion experienced, in an extraordinary degree, the efficacy of his powers of entertaining. Amongſt the many and various modes which he tried of getting money, he became a partner with a ſmall-beer brewer, and he was to have a ſhare of the profits for procuring cuſtomers amongſt his numerous acquaintance. Fitzherbert was one who took his ſmall-beer; but it was ſo bad, that the ſervants reſolved not to drink it. They were at ſome loſs how to notify their reſolution, being afraid of offending their maſter, who they knew liked Foote much as a companion. At laſt they fixed upon a little black boy, who was rather a favourite, to be their deputy, and deliver their remonſtrance; and having inveſted him with the whole authority of the kitchen, he was to inform Mr. Fitzherbert, in all their names, upon a certain day, that they would drink Foote's ſmall-beer no longer. On that day Foote happened to dine at Fitzherbert's,

and

and this boy ſerved at table; he was ſo delighted with Foote's ſtories, and merriment, and grimace, that when he went down ſtairs, he told them, "This is the fineſt man I have ever ſeen. I will not deliver your meſſage. I will drink his ſmall-beer."

Mr. Arthur Lee mentioned ſome Scotch who had taken poſſeſſion of a barren part of America, and wondered why they ſhould chooſe it. *Johnſon.* "Why, Sir, all barrenneſs is comparative. The *Scotch* would not know it to be barren." *Boſwell.* "Come, come, he is flattering the Engliſh. You have now been in Scotland, Sir; and ſay if you did not ſee meat and drink enough there?" *Johnſon.* "Why yes, Sir; meat and drink enough to give the inhabitants ſufficient ſtrength to run away from home!"

I do not know, ſaid Johnſon, a more diſagreeable character than a valetudinarian, who thinks he may do any thing that is for his eaſe, and indulges himſelf in the groſſeſt freedoms: Sir, he brings himſelf to the ſtate of a hog in a ſtye.

If (ſaid he) I had no duties, and no reference to futurity, I would ſpend my life in driving briſkly in a poſt-chaiſe with a pretty woman; but ſhe ſhould be one who could underſtand me, and would add ſomething to the converſation.

When a man knows he is to be hanged in a fortnight, it concentrates his mind wonderfully.

Alas, (ſaid Johnſon,) what a maſs of confuſion ſhould we have, if every Biſhop and every Judge,

Judge, every Lawyer, Phyſician, and Divine, were to write books!

TALKING of Rocheſter's Poems, he ſaid, he had given them to Mr. Steevens to caſtrate for the edition of the Poets, to which he was to write Prefaces. Dr. Taylor obſerved, that "if Rocheſter had been caſtrated himſelf, his exceptionable poems would not have been written."

MR. Boſwell once told the Doctor, that muſic affected him to ſuch a degree, as often to agitate his nerves painfully, producing in his mind alternate ſenſations of pathetic dejection, ſo that he was ready to ſhed tears; and of daring reſolution, ſo that he was inclined to ruſh into the thickeſt part of a battle. "Sir, (ſaid he) I ſhould never hear it, if it made me ſuch a fool."

TALKING of ghoſts, he ſaid, "It is wonderful that five thouſand years have now elapſed ſince the creation of the world, and ſtill it is undecided whether or not there has ever been an inſtance of the ſpirit of any perſon appearing after death. All argument is againſt it; but all belief is for it."

HE ſaid, "John Weſley's converſation is good, but he is never at leiſure. He is always obliged to go at a certain hour. This is very diſagreeable to a man who loves to fold his legs and have out his talk, as I do."

Johnſon. "WHEN we talk of pleaſure, we mean ſenſual pleaſure. When a man ſays he had pleaſure with a woman, he does not mean converſation, but ſomething of a very different nature.

Philoſophers

Philoſophers tell you, that pleaſure is *contrary* to happineſs. Groſs men prefer animal pleaſure. So there are men who have preferred living among ſavages. Now what a wretch muſt he be, who is content with ſuch converſation as can be had among ſavages! You may remember an officer at Fort Auguſtus, who had ſerved in America, told us of a woman whom they were obliged to *bind*, in order to get her back from ſavage life." *Boſwell.* "She muſt have been an animal, a beaſt." *Johnſon.* "Sir, ſhe was a ſpeaking cat."

Of Goldſmith he ſaid, "He was not an agreeable companion, for he talked always for fame. A man who does ſo never can be pleaſing. The man who talks to unburthen his mind is the man to delight you."

Talking of the Juſtitia hulk at Woolwich, in which criminals were puniſhed, by being confined to labour, he ſaid, "I do not ſee that they are puniſhed by this: they muſt have worked equally had they never been guilty of ſtealing. They now only work; ſo, after all, they have gained; what they ſtole is clear gain to them; the confinement is nothing. Every man who works is confined: the ſmith to his ſhop, the taylor to his garret."

The Doctor told Sir Joſhua Reynolds, that once when he dined in a numerous company of bookſellers, where the room being ſmall, the head of the table, at which he ſat, was almoſt cloſe to the fire, he perſevered in ſuffering a great deal of inconvenience from the heat, rather than quit his place, and let one of them ſit above him.

GOLDSMITH, in his diverting ſimplicity, complained one day, in a mixed company, of Lord Camden. "I met him (ſaid he) at Lord Clare's houſe in the country, and he took no more notice of me than if I had been an ordinary man." The company having laughed heartily, Johnſon ſtood forth in defence of his friend. "Nay, gentlemen, (ſaid he) Dr. Goldſmith is in the right. A nobleman ought to have made up to ſuch a man as Goldſmith; and I think it is much againſt Lord Camden that he neglected him."

HE could not patiently endure to hear that ſuch reſpect as he thought due only to higher intellectual qualities, ſhould be beſtowed on men of ſlighter, though perhaps more amuſing talents. Mr. Boſwell told him, that one morning, when he went to breakfaſt with Garrick, who was very vain of his intimacy with Lord Camden, he accoſted Mr. B. thus:—"Pray now, did you?—did you meet a little lawyer turning the corner, eh?"—"No, Sir (ſaid Mr. B). Pray what do you mean by the queſtion?"—"Why, (replied Garrick, with an affected indifference, yet as if ſtanding on tip-toe), Lord Camden has this moment left me. We have had a long walk together." *Johnſon.* "Well, Sir, Garrick talked very properly; Lord Camden *was* a little lawyer to be aſſociating ſo familiarly with a player."

THE converſation having turned one day on *Bon Mots*, he quoted from one of the *Ana* an exquiſite inſtance of flattery in a Maid of Honour in France, who being aſked by the Queen what o'clock it was, anſwered, "What your Majeſty pleaſes." He admitted that Mr. Burke's claſſical pun upon Mr.

Mr. Wilkes's being carried on the ſhoulders of the mob,

" ——— ——— *Numeriſque fertur*
" *Lege ſolutus,*"———

was admirable; and though he was ſtrangely unwilling to allow to that extraordinary man the talent of wit, he alſo laughed with approbation at another of his playful conceits; which was, that Horace has in one line given a deſcription of a good deſirable manor:

" *Eſt modus in rebus, ſunt certi denique fines.*"

THE celebrated Mrs. Rudd being mentioned, Johnſon ſaid, " Fifteen years ago I ſhould have gone to ſee her." " Yes," replied a gentleman; " becauſe ſhe was fifteen years younger?" *Johnſon.* " No, Sir; but now they have a trick of putting every thing into the news-papers."

IN a converſation upon the ſenſual intercourſe between the ſexes, the delight of which he aſcribed chiefly to imagination—" Were it not for imagination, (ſaid the Doctor) a man would be as happy in the arms of a chambermaid as of a Ducheſs. But ſuch is the adventitious charm of fancy, that we find men who have violated the beſt principles of ſociety, and ruined their fame and their fortune, that they might poſſeſs a woman of rank."

A CELEBRATED wit being mentioned, Johnſon ſaid, " One may ſay of him as was ſaid of a French wit, *Il n'a de l'eſprit que contre Dieu.* I have been ſeveral times in company with him, but never perceived any ſtrong power of wit.

He produces a general effect by various means; he has a cheerful countenance and a gay voice; beſides his trade is wit. It would be as wild in him to come into company without merriment, as for a highwayman to take the road without his piſtols."

Mr. Boſwell mentioned to the Doctor a diſpute between a friend of his and the gentleman's lady, concerning conjugal infidelity, which Mr. B.'s friend had maintained was by no means ſo bad in the huſband, as in the wife. *Johnſon.* "Your friend was in the right, Sir. Between a man and his Maker it is a different queſtion; but between a man and his wife, a huſband's infidelity is nothing. They are connected by children, by fortune, by ſerious conſiderations of community. Wiſe married women don't trouble themſelves about infidelity in their huſbands; they deteſt a miſtreſs, but don't mind a whore. My wife told me I might lye with as many women as I pleaſed, provided I *loved* her alone."

At one of Miſs E. Hervey's aſſemblies, Dr. Johnſon was following her up and down the room; upon which Lord Abingdon obſerved to her, "Your great friend is very fond of you; you can go no where without him."—"Aye, (ſaid ſhe) he would follow me to any part of the world."—"Then (ſaid the Earl) aſk him to go with you to *America.*" This occurred during the American war, when Johnſon warmly eſpouſed the miniſterial ſide of the queſtion.

John Gilbert Cooper related, that ſoon after the publication of his Dictionary, Garrick being aſked

aſked by Johnſon what people ſaid of it, told him, that among other animadverſions, it was objected that he cited authorities which were beneath the dignity of ſuch a work, and mentioned Richardſon. "Nay, (ſaid Johnſon) I have done worſe than that; I have cited thee, David!"

When in good humour, he would talk of his own writings with a wonderful frankneſs and candour, and would even criticiſe them with the cloſeſt ſeverity. One day, having read over one of his Ramblers, Mr. Langton aſked him, how he liked that paper; he ſhook his head, and anſwered, "Too wordy!" And at another time, when one was reading his tragedy of Irene, to a company at a houſe in the country, he left the room; and ſomebody having aſked him the reaſon of this, he replied, "Sir, I thought it had been better."

Talking of the minuteneſs with which people will record the ſayings of eminent perſons, a ſtory was told, that when Pope was on a viſit to Spence at Oxford, as they looked from the window they ſaw a Gentleman Commoner, who was juſt come in from riding, amuſing himſelf with whipping at a poſt. Pope took occaſion to ſay, "That young gentleman ſeems to have little to do." Mr. Beauclerk obſerved, "Then, to be ſure, Spence turned round and wrote that down;" and went on to ſay to Dr. Johnſon, "Pope, Sir, would have ſaid the ſame of you, if he had ſeen you diſtilling." *Johnſon.* "Sir, if Pope had told me of my diſtilling, I would have told him of his grotto."

Johnson's affection for Topham Beauclerk was ſo great, that when Beauclerk was labouring under that

that ſevere illneſs which at laſt occaſioned his death, Johnſon ſaid, (with a voice faltering with emotion) "Sir, I would walk to the extent of the diameter of the earth to ſave Beauclerk."

A MAN, the Doctor obſerved, ſhould begin to write ſoon; for, if he waits till his judgment is matured, his inability, through want of practice to expreſs his conceptions, will make the diſproportion ſo great between what he ſees, and what he can attain, that he will probably be diſcouraged from writing at all. As a proof of the juſtneſs of his remark, we may inſtance what is related of the great Lord Granville; that after he had written his letter, giving an account of the battle of Dettingen, he ſaid, "Here is a letter, expreſſed in terms not good enough for a tallow-chandler to have uſed."

TALKING of a Court-martial that was ſitting upon a very momentous public occaſion, he expreſſed much doubt of an enlightened deciſion; and ſaid that, Perhaps there was not a member of it, who in the whole courſe of his life, had ever ſpent an hour by himſelf in balancing probabilities.

TALKING of Gray's Odes, he ſaid, "They are forced plants, raiſed in a hot-bed; and they are poor plants; they are but cucumbers, after all." A gentleman preſent, who had been running down Ode-writing in general, as a bad ſpecies of poetry, unluckily ſaid, "Had they been literally cucumbers, they had been better things than Odes."—"Yes, Sir, (ſaid Johnſon) for a *hog!*"

His diſtinction of the different degrees of attainment of learning was thus marked upon two occaſions. Of Queen Elizabeth he ſaid, "She had learning enough to have given dignity to a Biſhop:" and of Mr. Thomas Davies he ſaid, "Sir, Davies has learning enough to give credit to a clergyman."

He uſed to quote, with great warmth, the ſaying of Ariſtotle recorded by Diogenes Laertius; that there was the ſame difference between one learned and unlearned, as between the living and the dead.

Though the Doctor uſed to cenſure careleſſneſs with great vehemence, he owned, that he once, to avoid the trouble of locking up five guineas, hid them, he forgot where, ſo that he could not find them.

A gentleman who introduced his brother to Dr. Johnſon, was earneſt to recommend him to the Doctor's notice, which he did by ſaying, "When we have ſat together ſome time, you'll find my brother grow very entertaining."—"Sir, (ſaid Johnſon) I can wait."

Goldsmith had long a viſionary project, that ſome time or other when his circumſtances ſhould be eaſier, he would go to Aleppo, in order to acquire a knowledge as far as might be, of any arts peculiar to the Eaſt, and introduce them into Britain. When this was talked of in Dr. Johnſon's company, he ſaid, "Of all men Goldſmith is the moſt unfit to go out upon ſuch an inquiry, for he is utterly ignorant of ſuch arts as we already poſſeſs,

poſſeſs, and conſequently could not know what would be acceſſions to our preſent ſtock of mechanical knowledge. Sir, he would bring home a grinding-barrow, which you ſee in every ſtreet in London, and think that he had furniſhed a wonderful improvement."

It is well known that there was formerly a rude cuſtom for thoſe who were ſailing upon the Thames, to accoſt each other as they paſſed in the moſt abuſive language they could invent, generally however with as much ſatirical humour as they were capable of producing. Addiſon gives a ſpecimen of this ribaldry, in Number 383 of "The Spectator," when Sir Roger de Coverley and he are going to Spring-Garden. Johnſon was once eminently ſucceſsful in this ſpecies of conteſt; a fellow having attacked him with ſome coarſe raillery, Johnſon anſwered thus, "Sir, your wife (under pretence of keeping a bawdy-houſe) is a receiver of ſtolen-goods."

As Johnſon always allowed the extraordinary talents of Mr. Burke, ſo Mr. Burke was fully ſenſible of the wonderful powers of Johnſon. Mr. Langton recollects having paſſed an evening with both of them, when Mr. Burke repeatedly entered upon topics which it was evident he would have illuſtrated with extenſive knowledge and richneſs of expreſſion; but Johnſon always ſeized upon the converſation, in which, however, he acquitted himſelf in a moſt maſterly manner. As Mr. Burke and Mr. Langton were walking home, Mr. Burke obſerved that Johnſon had been very great that night; Mr. Langton joined in this, but added, he could have wiſhed to hear more from another

another perſon; (plainly intimating that he meant Mr. Burke). "O, no, (ſaid Mr. Burke) it is enough for me to have rung the bell to him!"

A FRIEND of mine (ſaid the Doctor) came to me and told me, that a lady wiſhed to have Dodd's picture in a bracelet, and aſked me for a motto. I ſaid, I could think of no better than *Currat Lex*. I was very willing to have him pardoned, that is, to have the ſentence changed to tranſportation: but, when he was once hanged, I did not wiſh he ſhould be made a Saint.

CHYMISTRY was always an intereſting purſuit with Dr. Johnſon. Whilſt he was in Wiltſhire, he attended ſome experiments that were made by a phyſician at Saliſbury, on the new kinds of air. In the courſe of the experiments, frequent mention being made of Dr. Prieſtley, Dr. Johnſon knit his brows, and in a ſtern manner enquired, "Why do we hear ſo much of Dr. Prieſtley?"

MR. Boſwell once regretted that Goldſmith would, upon every occaſion, endeavour to ſhine, by which he often expoſed himſelf; and Mr. Langton obſerved, that he was not like Addiſon, who was content with the fame of his writings, and did not aim alſo at excellency in converſation, for which he found himſelf unfit; and that he ſaid to a lady, who complained of his having talked little in company, "Madam, I have but nine-pence in ready money, but I can draw for a thouſand pounds." Mr. Boſwell obſerved, that Goldſmith had a great deal of gold in his cabinet, but, not content with that, was always taking out his purſe. "Yes, Sir, (ſaid Johnſon) and that ſo often an empty purſe!"

Goldſmith's inceſſant deſire of being conſpicuous in company, was the occaſion of his ſometimes appearing to ſuch diſadvantage, as one ſhould hardly have ſuppoſed poſſible in a man of his genius. When his literary reputation had riſen deſervedly high, and his ſociety was much courted, he became very jealous of the extraordinary attention which was every where paid to Johnſon. One evening, in a circle of wits, he found fault with Boſwell for talking of Johnſon as entitled to the honour of unqueſtionable ſuperiority. "Sir, (ſaid he) you are for making a monarchy of what ſhould be a republic."

He was ſtill more mortified, when talking in a company with fluent vivacity, and, as he flattered himſelf, to the admiration of all who were preſent; a German who ſat next him, and perceived Johnſon rolling himſelf, as if about to ſpeak, ſuddenly ſtopped him, ſaying, "Stay, ſtay,—Toctor Shonſon is going to ſay ſomething." This was, no doubt, very provoking, eſpecially to one ſo irritable as Goldſmith, who frequently mentioned it with ſtrong expreſſions of indignation.

It may alſo be obſerved, that Goldſmith was ſometimes content to be treated with an eaſy familiarity, but, upon occaſions, would be conſequential and important. An inſtance of this occurred in a ſmall particular. Johnſon had a way of contracting the names of his friends; as, Beauclerk, Beau; Boſwell, Bozzy; Langton, Lanky; Murphy, Mur; Sheridan, Sherry. Mr. Boſwell remembers one day, when Tom Davies was telling that Dr. Johnſon ſaid, "We are all in labour for a name to *Goldy*'s play," Goldſmith ſeemed diſpleaſed that ſuch a liberty ſhould be taken with his name, and ſaid, "I have often

deſired

deſired him not to call me *Goldy*." Tom was remarkably attentive to the moſt minute circumſtance about Johnſon. Mr. Boſwell recollects his telling him once, on his arrival in London, "Sir, our great friend has made an improvement on his appellation of old Mr. Sheridan. He calls him now *Sherry derry*."

TALKING of puns, Johnſon, who had a great contempt for that ſpecies of wit, deigned once to allow that there was one good pun in "Menagiana," on the word *corps*.

MR. Boſwell once told him that Mrs. Macaulay ſaid, ſhe wondered how he could reconcile his political principles with his moral; his notions of inequality and ſubordination with wiſhing well to the happineſs of all mankind, who might live ſo agreeably, had they all their portions of land, and none to domineer over another. *Johnſon.* "Why, Sir, I reconcile my principles very well, becauſe mankind are happier in a ſtate of inequality and ſubordination. Were they to be in this pretty ſtate of equality, they would ſoon degenerate into brutes;—they would become Monboddo's nation;—their tails would grow. Sir, all would be loſers, were all to work to all:—they would have no intellectual improvement. All intellectual improvement ariſes from leiſure: all leiſure ariſes from one working for another."

DUELLING.—At General Oglethorpe's, one day, the ſubject of Duelling being ſtarted, the Doctor delivered himſelf thus:—"As men become in a high degree refined, various cauſes of offence ariſe; which are conſidered to be of ſuch

importance, that life muſt be ſtaked to atone for them, though in reality they are not ſo. A body that has received a very fine poliſh may be eaſily hurt. Before men arrive at this artificial refinement, if one tells his neighbour he lies, his neighbour tells him he lies; if one gives his neighbour a blow, his neighbour gives him a blow: but in a ſtate of highly poliſhed ſociety, an affront is held to be a ſerious injury. It muſt, therefore, be reſented, or rather a duel muſt be fought upon it; as men have agreed to baniſh from their ſociety one who puts up with an affront without fighting a duel. Now, Sir, it is never unlawful to fight in ſelf-defence. He, then, who fights a duel, does not fight from paſſion againſt his antagoniſt, but out of ſelf-defence; to avert the ſtigma of the world, and to prevent himſelf from being driven out of ſociety. I could wiſh that there was not that ſuperfluity of refinement; but while ſuch notions prevail, no doubt a man may lawfully fight a duel."

Let it be remembered, that this juſtification is applicable only to the perſon who *receives* an affront. All mankind muſt condemn the aggreſſor.

The General ſaid, that when he was a very young man, only fifteen, ſerving under Prince Eugene of Savoy, he was ſitting in a company at table with a Prince of Wirtemberg. The Prince took up a glaſs of wine, and, by a fillip, made ſome of it fly in Oglethorpe's face. Here was a nice dilemma. To have challenged him inſtantly, might have fixed a quarrelſome character upon the young ſoldier: to have taken no notice of it, might have been conſidered as cowardice. Oglethorpe, therefore, keeping his eye upon the Prince,

Prince, and ſmiling all the time, as if he took what his Highneſs had done in jeſt, ſaid, "*Mon Prince*, that's a good joke; but we do it much better in England;" and threw a whole glaſs of wine in the Prince's face. An old General who ſat by, ſaid, "*I'l a bien fait, mon Prince, vous l'avez commencé;*" and thus all ended in good humour.

JOHNSON, one evening at the Crown and Anchor tavern, was vehement againſt old Dr. Mounſey, of Chelſea College, as "a fellow who ſwore and talked bawdy." "I have been often in his company, (ſaid Dr. Percy) and never heard him ſwear or talk bawdy." Mr. Davies, who ſat next to Dr. Percy, having after this had ſome converſation aſide with him, made a diſcovery which, in his zeal to pay court to Dr. Johnſon, he eagerly proclaimed aloud from the foot of the table: "O, Sir, I have found out a very good reaſon why Dr. Percy never heard Mounſey ſwear or talk bawdy; for he tells me, he never ſaw him but at the Duke of Northumberland's table." "And ſo, Sir, (ſaid Johnſon loudly, to Dr. Percy) you would ſhield this man from the charge of ſwearing and talking bawdy, becauſe he did not do ſo at the Duke of Northumberland's table. Sir, you might as well tell us that you had ſeen him hold up his hand at the Old Bailey, and he neither ſwore nor talked bawdy; or that you had ſeen him in the cart at Tyburn, and he neither ſwore nor talked bawdy. And is it thus, Sir, that you preſume to controvert what I have related?" Dr. Johnſon's animadverſion was uttered in ſuch a manner, that Dr. Percy ſeemed to be diſpleaſed, and ſoon afterwards left the company.

MR.

Mr. Boſwell told Dr. Johnſon that he had ſeveral times, when in Italy, ſeen the experiment of placing a ſcorpion within a circle of burning coals; that it ran round and round in extreme pain; and finding no way to eſcape, retired to the centre, and, like a true Stoick philoſopher, darted its ſting into its head, and thus at once freed itſelf from its woes. "*This muſt end 'em.*" Mr. Boſwell ſaid, this was a curious fact, as it ſhewed deliberate ſuicide in a reptile. Johnſon would not admit the fact. He ſaid, Maupertuis was of opinion that it does not kill itſelf, but dies of the heat; that it gets to the centre of the circle, as the cooleſt place; that its turning its tail in upon its head is merely a convulſion, and that it does not ſting itſelf. He ſaid he would be ſatisfied if the great anatomiſt Morgagni, after diſſecting a ſcorpion upon whom the experiment had been tried, ſhould certify that its ſting had penetrated into its head.

Johnson had a particularity, of which none of his friends ever ventured to aſk an explanation. It appeared to be ſome ſuperſtitious habit, which he had contracted early, and from which he had never called upon his reaſon to diſ-entangle him. This was his anxious care to go out or in at a door or paſſage, by a certain number of ſteps from a certain point, or at leaſt ſo as that either his right or his left foot, ſhould conſtantly make the firſt actual movement when he came cloſe to the door or paſſage. Upon innumerable occaſions, he has been obſerved ſuddenly to ſtop, and then ſeem to count his ſteps with a deep earneſtneſs; and when he had neglected or gone wrong in this ſort of magical movement, he would go back again, put himſelf

himſelf in a proper poſture to begin the ceremony, and, having gone through it, break from his abſtraction, walk briſkly on, and join his companion. A ſtrange inſtance of ſomething of this nature, even when on horſeback, happened when he was in the iſle of Sky. Sir Joſhua Reynolds has obſerved him to go a good way about, rather than croſs a particular alley in Leiceſter-fields; but this Sir Joſhua imputed to his having had ſome diſagreeable recollection aſſociated with it.

It was once ſuggeſted to Johnſon, that kings muſt be unhappy, becauſe they are deprived of the greateſt of all ſatisfactions, eaſy and unreſerved ſociety. *Johnſon.* "That is an ill-founded notion. Being a king does not exclude a man from ſuch ſociety. Great kings have always been ſocial. The King of Pruſſia, the only great king at preſent*, is very ſocial. Charles the Second, the laſt King of England who was a man of parts, was ſocial; and our Henrys and Edwards were all ſocial."

Mr. Dempſter having endeavoured to maintain that intrinſic merit *ought* to make the only diſtinction amongſt mankind—*Johnſon.* "Why, Sir, mankind have found that this cannot be. How ſhall we determine the proportion of intrinſic merit? Were that to be the only diſtinction amongſt mankind, we ſhould ſoon quarrel about the degrees of it. Were all diſtinctions aboliſhed, the ſtrongeſt would not long acquieſce, but would endeavour to obtain a ſuperiority by their bodily ſtrength. But, Sir, as ſubordination is very neceſſary for ſociety, and contentions for ſuperiority very dangerous, mankind, that is to ſay all

* The late King of Pruſſia is here meant.

civiliſed

civiliſed nations, have ſettled it upon a plain invariable principle. A man is born to hereditary rank; or his being appointed to certain offices, gives him a certain rank. Subordination tends greatly to human happineſs. Were we all upon an equality, we ſhould have no other enjoyment than mere animal pleaſure."

When giving Mr. Boſwell advice as to his travels, Dr. Johnſon did not dwell upon cities, and palaces, and pictures, and ſhews, and Arcadian ſcenes. He was of Lord Eſſex's opinion, who adviſes his kinſman Roger Earl of Rutland, "rather to go an hundred miles to ſpeak with one wiſe man, than five miles to ſee a fair town."

Mr. Ogilvie, a Scotch clergyman, was unlucky enough one evening, at the Mitre tavern, to chooſe for the topic of his converſation the praiſes of his native country. He began with ſaying, that there was very rich land round Edinburgh. Goldſmith, who had ſtudied phyſic there, contradicted this, very untruly, with a ſneering laugh. Diſconcerted a little by this, Mr. Ogilvie then took new ground, where he thought himſelf perfectly ſafe; for he obſerved, that Scotland had a great many noble wild proſpects. *Johnſon.* "I believe, Sir, you have a great many. Norway, too, has noble wild proſpects; and Lapland is remarkable for prodigious noble wild proſpects. But, Sir, let me tell you, the nobleſt proſpect which a Scotchman ever ſees, is the high road that leads him to England!" This unexpected and pointed ſally produced a roar of applauſe.

Dr.

DR. JOHNSON'S CONVERSATION WITH THE KING.

IN February, 1767, there happened one of the moſt remarkable incidents of Johnſon's life, which gratified his *monarchical* enthuſiaſm, and which he loved to relate with all its circumſtances, when requeſted by his friends. This was his being honoured by a private converſation with his Majeſty, in the library at the Queen's houſe. He had frequently viſited thoſe ſplendid rooms and noble collection of books, which he uſed to ſay was more numerous and curious than he ſuppoſed any perſon could have made in the time which the King had employed. Mr. Barnard, the librarian, took care that he ſhould have every accommodation that could contribute to his eaſe and convenience, while indulging his literary taſte in that place; ſo that he had here a very agreeable reſource at leiſure hours.

His Majeſty having been informed of his occaſional viſits, was pleaſed to ſignify a deſire that he ſhould be told when Dr. Johnſon came next to the library. Accordingly, the next time that

Johnſon did come, as ſoon as he was fairly engaged with a book, on which, while he ſat by the fire, he ſeemed quite intent, Mr. Barnard ſtole round to the apartment where the King was, and, in obedience to his Majeſty's commands, mentioned that Dr. Johnſon was then in the library. His Majeſty ſaid he was at leiſure, and would go to him; upon which Mr. Barnard took one of the candles that ſtood on the King's table, and lighted his Majeſty through a ſuite of rooms, till they came to a private door into the library, of which his Majeſty had the key. Being entered, Mr. Barnard ſtepped forward haſtily to Dr. Johnſon, who was ſtill in a profound ſtudy, and whiſpered him, "Sir, here is the King." Johnſon ſtarted up, and ſtood ſtill. His Majeſty approached him, and at once was courteouſly eaſy.

His Majeſty began by obſerving, that he underſtood he came ſometimes to the library; and then mentioning his having heard that the Doctor had been lately at Oxford, aſked him if he was not fond of going thither. To which Johnſon anſwered, that he was indeed fond of going to Oxford ſometimes, but was likewiſe glad to come back again. The King then aſked him what they were doing at Oxford. Johnſon anſwered, he could not much commend their diligence, but that in ſome reſpects they were mended, for they had put their preſs under better regulations, and were at that time printing Polybius. He was then aſked whether there were better libraries at Oxford or Cambridge. He anſwered, he believed the Bodleian was larger than any they had at Cambridge; at the ſame time adding, "I hope, whether we have more books or not than they have

have at Cambridge, we ſhall make as good uſe of them as they do." Being aſked whether All-Souls or Chriſt-Church library was the largeſt, he anſwered, "All-Souls library is the largeſt we have, except the Bodleian." "Aye, (ſaid the King) that is the public library."

His Majeſty enquired if he was then writing any thing. He anſwered, he was not, for he had pretty well told the world what he knew, and muſt now read to acquire more knowledge. The King, as it ſhould ſeem with a view to urge him to rely on his own ſtores as an original writer, and to continue his labours, then ſaid, "I do not think you borrow much from any body." Johnſon ſaid, he thought he had already done his part as a writer. "I ſhould have thought ſo too, (ſaid the King) if you had not written ſo well."—Johnſon obſerved to Mr. Boſwell, upon this, that "No man could have paid a handſomer compliment; and it was fit for a King to pay. It was deciſive." When aſked by another friend, at Sir Joſhua Reynolds's, whether he made any reply to this high compliment, he anſwered, "No, Sir. When the King had ſaid it, it was to be ſo. It was not for me to bandy civilities with my ſovereign." Perhaps no man who had ſpent his whole life in courts could have ſhewn a more nice and dignified ſenſe of true politeneſs, than Johnſon did in this inſtance.

His Majeſty having obſerved to him that he ſuppoſed he muſt have read a great deal; Johnſon anſwered, that he *thought* more than he *read*; that he had read a great deal in the early part of his life, but having fallen into ill health, he had not been able to read much, compared with

others: for inſtance, he ſaid he had not read much compared with Dr. Warburton. Upon which the King ſaid, that he heard Dr. Warburton was a man of ſuch general knowledge, that you could ſcarce talk with him on any ſubject on which he was not qualified to ſpeak; and that his learning reſembled Garrick's acting, in its univerſality. His Majeſty then talked of the controverſy between Warburton and Lowth, which he ſeemed to have read, and aſked Johnſon what he thought of it. Johnſon anſwered, "Warburton has moſt general, moſt ſcholaſtic learning; Lowth is the more correct ſcholar. I do not know which of them calls names beſt." The King was pleaſed to ſay he was of the ſame opinion; adding, "You do not think then, Dr. Johnſon, that there was much argument in the caſe." Johnſon ſaid, he did not think there was. "Why truly, (ſaid the King) when once it comes to calling names, argument is pretty well at an end."

His Majeſty then aſked him what he thought of Lord Lyttelton's Hiſtory, which was then juſt publiſhed. Johnſon ſaid, he thought his ſtyle pretty good, but that he had blamed Henry the Second rather too much. "Why, (ſaid the King) they ſeldom do theſe things by halves." "No, Sir, (anſwered Johnſon) not to Kings." But fearing to be miſunderſtood, he proceeded to explain himſelf; and immediately ſubjoined, "That for thoſe who ſpoke worſe of Kings than they deſerved, he could find no excuſe, but that he could more eaſily conceive how ſome might ſpeak better of them than they deſerved, without any ill intention; for, as Kings had much in their power

to

to give, thoſe who were favoured by them would frequently, from gratitude, exaggerate their praiſes; and as this proceeded from a good motive, it was certainly excuſeable, as far as error could be excuſeable."

The King then aſked him what he thought of Dr. Hill. Johnſon anſwered, that he was an ingenious man, but had no veracity; and immediately mentioned, as an inſtance of it, an aſſertion of that writer, that he had ſeen objects magnified to a much greater degree by uſing three or four microſcopes at a time, than by uſing one. "Now, (added Johnſon) every one acquainted with microſcopes knows, that the more of them he looks through, the leſs the object will appear." "Why, (replied the King) this is not only telling an untruth, but telling it clumſily; for, if that be the caſe, every one who can look through a microſcope will be able to detect him."

"I now, (ſaid Johnſon to his friends, when relating what had paſſed) began to conſider that I was depreciating this man in the eſtimation of his ſovereign, and thought it was time for me to ſay ſomething that might be more favourable." He added, therefore, that Dr. Hill was, notwithſtanding, a very curious obſerver; and if he would have been contented to tell the world no more than he knew, he might have been a very conſiderable man, and needed not to have recourſe to ſuch mean expedients to raiſe his reputation.

The King then talked of literary journals, mentioned particularly the *Journal des Savans*, and aſked Johnſon if it was well done. Johnſon ſaid, it was formerly very well done, and gave ſome account of the perſons who began it, and carried

it

it on for ſome years; enlarging at the ſame time, on the nature and uſe of ſuch works. The King aſked him if it was well done now. Johnſon anſwered, he had no reaſon to think that it was. The King then aſked him if there were any other literary journals publiſhed in this kingdom, except the Monthly and Critical Reviews; and on being anſwered there were no other, his Majeſty aſked which of them was the beſt: Johnſon anſwered, that the Monthly Review was done with moſt care, the Critical upon the beſt principles; adding, that the authors of the Monthly Review were enemies to the Church. This the King ſaid he was ſorry to hear.

The converſation next turned on the Philoſophical Tranſactions, when Johnſon obſerved, that they had now a better method of arranging their materials than formerly. "Aye, (ſaid the King) they are obliged to Dr. Johnſon for that;" for his Majeſty had heard and remembered the circumſtance, which Johnſon himſelf had forgot.

His Majeſty expreſſed a deſire to have the literary biography of this country ably executed, and propoſed to Dr. Johnſon to undertake it. Johnſon ſignified his readineſs to comply with his Majeſty's wiſhes.

During the whole of this interview, Johnſon talked to his Majeſty with profound reſpect, but ſtill in his firm manly manner, with a ſonorous voice; and never in that ſubdued tone which is commonly uſed at the levee and in the drawing-room. After the King withdrew, Johnſon ſhewed himſelf highly pleaſed with his Majeſty's converſation and gracious behaviour. He ſaid to Mr. Barnard, "Sir, they may talk of the King as they will; but

but he is the fineſt gentleman I have ever ſeen." And he afterwards obſerved to Mr. Langton, "Sir, his manners are thoſe of as fine a gentleman as we may ſuppoſe Lewis the Fourteenth or Charles the Second."

At Sir Joſhua Reynolds's, where a circle of Johnſon's friends was collected round him to hear his account of this memorable converſation, Dr. Joſeph Warton, in his frank and lively manner, was very active in preſſing him to mention the particulars. "Come now, Sir, this is an intereſting matter; do favour us with it." Johnſon, with great good humour, complied.

He told them, "I found his Majeſty wiſhed I ſhould talk, and I made it my buſineſs to talk. I find it does a man good to be talked to by his ſovereign. In the firſt place, a man cannot be in a paſſion—" Here ſome queſtion interrupted him, which is to be regretted, as he certainly would have pointed out and illuſtrated many circumſtances of advantage, from being in a ſituation, where the powers of the mind are at once excited to vigorous exertion, and tempered by reverential awe.

During all the time in which Dr. Johnſon was employed in relating to the circle at Sir Joſhua Reynolds's the particulars of what paſſed between the King and him, Dr. Goldſmith remained unmoved upon a ſopha at ſome diſtance, affecting not to join in the leaſt in the eager curioſity of the company. He aſſigned as a reaſon for his gloom and ſeeming inattention, that he apprehended Johnſon had relinquiſhed his purpoſe of furniſhing him with a Prologue to his play, with the hopes of which he had been flattered; but it was ſtrongly.

ly ſuſpected that he was fretting with chagrin and envy at the ſingular honour Dr. Johnſon had lately enjoyed. At length, the frankneſs and ſimplicity of his natural character prevailed. He ſprung from the ſopha, advanced to Johnſon, and in a kind of flutter, from imagining himſelf in the ſituation which he had juſt been hearing deſcribed, exclaimed, "Well, you acquitted yourſelf in this converſation better than I ſhould have done; for I ſhould have bowed and ſtammered through the whole of it."

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES, BON MOTS, &c.

FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS.

BARRETTI's QUARREL WITH Dr. JOHNSON.

IT is well known that Omai, the native of Otaheite, learnt to play at chefs whilft he was in London. As his proficiency in this game was the cauſe of Mr. Barretti's dropping the acquaintance of Dr. Johnſon, after having cultivated it above thirty years, the relation of it, in Mr. Barretti's own words, is here inſerted, extracted from his Tolendron.

" My ſtory may be a leſſon to eager mortals to miſtruſt the duration of any worldly enjoyment, as even the beſt cemented friendſhip, which I conſider as the moſt precious of earthly bleſſings, is but a precarious one, and ſubject, like all the reſt, to be blaſted away in an unexpected moment, by the capriciouſneſs of chance, and by ſome one of thoſe trifling weakneſſes, unaccountably engrafted even in the nobleſt minds that ever ſhewed to what a pitch human nature may be elevated. About thirteen months before Dr. Johnſon went the way of all fleſh, my viſits to him grew to be much leſs frequent than they uſed to be, on account of my gout and other infirmities, which permitted not my going very

often from Edward-ſtreet, Cavendiſh-ſquare, to Bolt-court, Fleet-ſtreet, as it had been the caſe in my better days; yet once or twice every month I never failed to go to him, and he was always glad to ſee the oldeſt friend he had in the world, which, ſince Mr. Garrick's death, was the appellation he honoured me with, and conſtantly requeſted me to ſee him as often as I could.

"One day, and alas! it was the laſt time I ſaw him, I called on him, not without ſome anxiety, as I had heard that he had been very ill; but found him ſo well as to be in very high ſpirits, of which he ſoon made me aware, becauſe the converſation happening to turn about Otaheite, he recollected that Omai had once conquered me at cheſs; a ſubject, on which, whenever chance brought it about, he never failed to rally me moſt unmercifully, and make himſelf mighty merry with.

"This time, more than he had ever done before, he puſhed his banter on at ſuch a rate, that at laſt he chafed me, and made me ſo angry, that, not being able to put a ſtop to it, I ſnatched up my hat and ſtick, and quitted him in a moſt choleric mood. The ſkilful tranſlator of Taſſo, who was a witneſs to that ridiculous ſcene, may tell whether the Doctor's obſtreperous merriment deſerved approbation or blame; but ſuch was Johnſon, that, whatever was the matter in hand, if he was in the humour, he would carry it as far as he could; nor was he much in the habit, even with much higher folks than myſelf, to refrain from ſallies, which not ſeldom would carry him farther than he intended. Vexed at his having given me cauſe to be angry, and at my own anger too, I was not in haſte to ſee him again; and

and he heard from more than one, that my reſentment continued. Finding, at laſt, or ſuppoſing that I might not call on him any more, he requeſted a reſpectable friend to tell me that he would be glad to ſee me as ſoon as poſſible: but his meſſage was delivered me while making ready to go into Suſſex, where I ſtaid a month longer; and it was on my leaving Suſſex, that the newſpapers appriſed me my friend was no more, and England had loſt, poſſibly, the greateſt of her literary ornaments."

ANECDOTES OF Dr. GOLDSMITH.

AS Goldſmith wrote for the bookſellers, he was looked on by many of them as a literary drudge, equal to the taſk of compiling and tranſlating, but little capable of original, and ſtill leſs of poetical compoſition: he nevertheleſs wrote one of the fineſt poems of the lyric kind that our language has to boaſt of; the Ballad, "Turn gentle Hermit of the Dale;" and ſurpriſed his friends with "The Traveller," a poem that contains ſome particulars of his own hiſtory. Johnſon was ſuppoſed to have aſſiſted him; but he contributed to the perfection of it only four lines: his opinion of it was, that it was the beſt written poem ſince the time of Pope. The favourable reception which this eſſay of his poetical talent met with, ſoon after tempted Goldſmith to the publication of his "Deſerted Village," the merits whereof conſiſt in beautiful deſcriptions of rural manners; and are ſufficiently known.

His poems are replete with fine moral ſentiments, and beſpeak a great dignity of mind;

yet he had no ſenſe of the ſhame, nor dread of the evils of poverty.

In his dealings with the bookſellers, he is charged with having never fulfilled his engagements. In one year he got of them, and by his plays, a large ſum, which he diſſipated by gaming and extravagance, and died poor in 1774.

He was buried in the Poet's Corner, in Weſtminſter Abbey, and the inſcription on his monument was written by Johnſon.

The Doctor uſed to ſay he could play on the German flute as well as moſt men; at other times, as well as any man living: but, in truth, he underſtood not the character in which muſic is written, and played on that inſtrument, as many of the vulgar do, merely by ear. Roubiliac, the ſculptor, a merry fellow, once heard him play; and minding to put a trick on him, pretended to be charmed with his performance; as, alſo, that himſelf was ſkilled in the art, and entreated him to repeat the air, that he might write it down. Goldſmith readily conſenting, Roubiliac called for paper, and ſcored thereon a few five-lined ſtaves, which having done, Goldſmith proceeded to play, and Roubiliac to write; but his writing was only ſuch random notes on the lines and ſpaces, as any one might ſet down who had ever inſpected a page of muſic. When they had both done, Roubiliac ſhowed the paper to Goldſmith, who looking over it with ſeeming great attention, ſaid it was very correct, and that if he had not ſeen him do it, he never could have believed his friend capable of writing muſic after him.

ANECDOTE OF Dr. JOHNSON.

[Not inſerted in Boſwell's Life of him.]

WHEN the Doctor firſt became acquainted with David Mallet, they once went with ſome other gentlemen, to laugh an hour at Bartholomew Fair.—At one of the booths was an amazing large-bear, which the ſhowman aſſured them was "*catched* in the *undiſcovered* parts of the remoteſt Ruſſia."—The bear was muzzled, and might therefore be approached with ſafety; but to all the company, except Johnſon, was very ſurly and ill-tempered:—of the Doctor he appeared extremely fond, rubbed againſt him, and ſhewed every mark of aukward kindneſs. "How is it, (ſaid one of the company) that this animal is ſo attached to Mr. Johnſon?"—"Becauſe, (replied Mallet) he knows that Linnæus could have claſſed them together, as *two* animals of *one* ſpecies!"

The Doctor diſliked Mallet for his tendency towards infidelity; and this ſarcaſm turned his diſlike into downright hatred. He never ſpoke to him afterwards, but has gibbeted his name in the octavo Dictionary, under the word Alias.

A Minister once obſerved in a circle of Courtiers, that nothing could be more ridiculous than the manner in which the Council of State aſſemble in ſome of the Negro nations. "In the council-chamber," ſaid he, "are placed twelve large jars, half full of water. Twelve Counſellors of State enter naked, and ſtalking along with great gravity, each leaps into his jar, and immerſes

immerſes himſelf up to his chin; and in this pretty attitude they deliberate on the national affairs. You do not ſmile," continued the Miniſter, to a Noble Lord who ſat next him. "Smile! No," anſwered his Lordſhip, "I ſee ſomething more ridiculous than that every day." —"Pray, what is it?" returned the Miniſter. "A country," replied the Nobleman, "where the council is filled with nothing but *jars!*"

In order to deceive a woman who was diſtinguiſhed by a remarkable volubility of tongue, though, in other reſpects, not deficient in ſenſe, a perſon was introduced to her as one that was endowed with an uncommon portion of wit. The lady received him with every demonſtration of joy, and every mark of politeneſs; but through extreme eagerneſs to render herſelf agreeable, ſhe aſked him a hundred queſtions without perceiving that he returned no anſwer. At the concluſion of the viſit, being aſked how ſhe liked her new acquaintance, ſhe anſwered, "He is indeed a delightful man! his wit is ſo ready, and ſo exquiſitely turned!" At this exclamation, the whole company burſt into a loud laugh; for this charming companion, this diſtinguſhed wit—was *dumb!*

A gentleman of a miſerly diſpoſition, ſomewhat wounded at a ſarcaſm played upon him by a wag of his acquaintance, ſaid, he wiſhed he was in parliament, if it were only to propoſe a heavy pole-tax on Wits. "Aye," ſaid the ſatiriſt, "I do not wonder at that, becauſe you know it would not affect yourſelf!"

As

As ſome of the Britiſh officers were converſing with Dr. Stearns, an American aſtronomer, on the hardneſs of the times, whilſt the late war continued in America; one of them ſaid to the Doctor, thinking, as they call it, to ſmoke him, "Pray, Sir, as you are a mathematician, can you tell us how long it will take to ſurmount unſurmountable difficulties?"—"Yes, Sir," anſwered the Doctor; "juſt as long as it will take to get below the bottom of the bottomleſs pit!"—"D—n you!" ſaid the officer; "you are too *deep* for me."

A COMPANY at Spencer's, lately ſpeaking of the libel then depending in Doctors Commons againſt a young bridegroom, for non-performance of conjugal rites, it was obſerved, that the bride did not complain till after the *third night*. "No wonder then," replied a theatrical wag, "ſhe ſhould object to an *empty houſe!*"

WHERE no harm is meant, no harm can be applied; and people *do* as often as they *ſay* what will bear a conſtruction very different from their intention. A ſervant girl, much fatigued with her work, declared, that *men* ought to do *women's* buſineſs; and that ſhe wiſhed ſhe was a *miſtreſs*, inſtead of what ſhe was; for ſhe was quite tired of being a *maid!*

AN Engliſh gentleman travelling through France during the preſent diſturbances, obſerved to a Pariſian, "that he thought the people of France were ſomething ſimilar to mad-dogs in England, as it was but to give them a bad name, and they were inſtantly hung up."—"Ah, ver true,"

true," returned the Frenchman, "it is better be *von dog* in England, than *von gentleman* in Paris."

A GENTLEMAN, not long ſince, paſſing through Lincoln's-inn-fields, overheard a man ſpeaking very *bad French*; upon which he obſerved to an acquaintance with him, that the French ought in future to be claſſed amongſt the *dead languages*. "Why ſo?" aſked his friend. "Becauſe," replied the gentleman, "it has been juſt *murdered!*"

A MAN, being at confeſſion, accuſed himſelf of various ſins, and among other things ſaid, that he had juſt given his wife a ſound drubbing. "Why did you do that, my ſon?" ſaid the Father Confeſſor. "I never go to confeſſion," replied the penitent, "but I do the ſame thing; and if I omitted it, my confeſſion would be of little conſequence. In compliance with the orders of our holy mother church, I confeſs once a year; and as my memory is very defective, I ſhould never recollect any thing I had done, unleſs I beat my wife, who is then ſure to remind me of all the ſins I have committed in the whole courſe of my life."

MONSIEUR de Brancas, one of the attendants of the Queen-Dowager of Louis XIV. though extremely fond of his bride, did not fail, on his wedding-night, to go into the cold bath, according to his uſual cuſtom, and from thence to repair to his own apartment. But, as he was undreſſing, his Valet de Chambre could not refrain aſking him how it happened that he ſlept alone, and not with his

his bride. "Faith," ſaid M. de Brancas, "I had quite forgotten that I was married!"

The ſame gentleman, having one day attended his royal miſtreſs to church, as ſhe was kneeling before him, with her head bent very low, he miſtook her back for a *prie dieu*, and very deliberately placed his knees upon it; at the ſame time fixing his elbows on her ſhoulders, to the great aſtoniſhment of the Queen, and amuſement of the congregation.

A BON vivant of faſhion, lately on his death-bed, to which he was brought by an immoderate uſe of wine, and other liquors, after having been ſeriouſly taken leave of by Dr. Pitcairn, (who has little pity for ſuch kind of patients) and ingenuouſly told that he could not in all human probability ſurvive twelve hours, which would be *eight* o'clock the next morning, exerted the ſmall remains of his ſtrength to call the Doctor back into his preſence, which having accompliſhed with difficulty, his loudeſt effort not exceeding a whiſper, with the true ſpirit of an Epicurean philoſopher he ſaid, "Doctor, I'll bet you a *bottle* I live till *nine!*"

THE Rev. Rowland Hill, when at College, was remarkable for the vivacity of his manners, and frequent wittineſs of his obſervations. In a converſation on the powers of the letter *H*, where it was contended that it was no letter, but a ſimple aſpiration or breathing, Rowland took the oppoſite ſide of the queſtion, and inſiſted on its being, to all intents and purpoſes, a *letter*; and concluded by obſerving that, if it were not, it

was a very ſerious affair to him, as it would occaſion his being *ill* all the days of his life.

A GENTLEMAN, not far from Temple Bar, one Sunday in the afternoon, went to a tavern, and returning home towards the evening, pretty well heated with punch, his Xantippe fell reading to him a loud leſſon, and among other revilings, told him, that the Devil, the Devil, would fetch him! At laſt, he broke out of a long ſilence, and told her, "I pr'ythee, good wife, hold thyſelf content, for I know that the Devil will do me no hurt, for I have married his *kinſwoman!*"

A COUNTRY carpenter, at work upon an outhouſe a few miles from town, being viſited by a remarkably hard ſhower of rain, was obliged to retire to a neighbouring public-houſe; but as he was expecting ſome of his fellow workmen every moment, he could not deviſe a method to make them ſenſible of his place of reſort: but a man coming up while he was heſitating, he begged him, as Not knowing much about indoiting, to write upon a gate—"Gone to the *Gooſe!*" Inſtead of this, the other, being a wag, wrote—"Gone to the *Gallows!*" "That's reeght, and thank'e, meaſter," ſaid the carpenter, (pretending at the ſame time to read it) "theyne be ſure to follow me!"

Two females, who had married aged huſbands, having ſome difference, one of them thinking to rally the other, told her—To be ſure ſhe had married very prudently, having a *huſband* and a *father* in one perſon!—"Yes, my dear," replied the

the other; "but you have the advantage of me, having a *huſband* and a *child*, in yours!"

A PRISONER lately tried at one of the county aſſizes, after he had obtained leave to deliver a defence which he had written, read the following —"My Lord, if I am guilty, I wiſh I may be *crapt!* 'tis true, I has bin ſo misfortunate as to be *pattered* ſeveral times at Lunnun; but never *ſpoke to* properly—therefore hope you'll quit me, and let me be *turned up*.—Gentlemen of the Jury, I ſhall interſeede for *you*; pray take my caſe into conſidderation—and I beg you will caſt no *encomiums* on my paſt conduct."

A CARPENTER, on board a ſhip returning from the Weſt Indies, having loſt his ſaw, attributed the theft to one of the Captain's ſervants, a little negro boy: the lad, however, ſtrenuouſly denied all knowledge of the affair; and in this doubtful way the matter remained, when, one day, the carpenter exclaiming, in the preſence of young Mungo—"This d——d ſaw ſticks in my gizzard!" he inſtantly ran to the Captain, almoſt overcome with joy, crying out—"Maſſer, me glad!"—"Glad of what?" ſaid the Captain. "O me ſo glad de carpenman find him ſaw!"—"Ah, ah! and where did he find it?"—"Yes, maſſer! indeed me tell no lie; for me hear him ſay it ſtick in his gizzar!"

As George Selwyn was one evening paſſing through Drury-lane, an old woman ſtanding with a baſket of flounders, invited him to be a cuſtomer, ſaying, "All *juſt* alive, your Honour!"—"How long," ſaid the wag, who had no inclination

clination to purchaſe, "will it be before they are *quite* alive?"

A GENTLEMAN well known in the *lottery world*, having become poſſeſſed of property, nobody knows how, had lately a concert at his houſe; wiſhing to be thought a man of taſte, though he knows nothing of muſic, when looking over one of the performers, who had his violin *under his arm*—"Why don't you play?" ſaid he. "Sir," ſaid the muſician, pointing with his bow to the book, "here are ſo many bars of *Reſt*." "Damme, what do you mean by *reſt?* I pay you to *play*, not to *reſt!*"

A METHODIST preacher being lately requeſted to perform the laſt offices for a dying ſiſter, very earneſtly preſſed on her to believe, as a preparative to the beatific ſtate, that *fleſh and blood* cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven. "Then God be praiſed!" replied the poor patient, thankfully, "I have been ſo long ailing, that I am nothing now but *ſkin and bone!*"

IN the year 1734, the following odd combinations occurred in the title of a pamphlet publiſhed in this city: "The *deformity* of ſin cured; a ſermon preached at St. Michael's, *Crooked-lane*, before the *Prince of Orange*, by the Rev. J. *Crookſhanks*. Sold by Matthew Denton, at the *Crooked Billet*, near *Cripplegate*, and by all other bookſellers." The Prince of Orange was deformed in perſon; and the words of the text were, *Every crooked path ſhall be made ſtrait.*

AT

At the Sittings in laſt Eaſter Term, a cauſe being called on, where was no defence, the attorney on the part of the defendant, who was known to be one of the ſharp practitioners, had given to counſel, for *his* brief, a *plain ſheet of paper*; which was remarked by one in court, to be the very firſt time he had ever given a *fair* brief to counſel.

One of thoſe ſublime geniuſes, whoſe chief occupation conſiſts in wielding, with becoming addreſs, that weapon or inſtrument called a razor, lately received three eggs of a wonderful nature from an acquaintance abroad; in order to propagate their ſpecies, and raiſe his name to immortality, he placed them under a hen, or more properly placed the hen upon them, who being averſe to the gratifying his deſires, it became neceſſary to attempt unnatural means, in order to deter the poor animal into a compliance; which had ſo ſtrange an effect, that it ſunk under the repeated ill treatment which it received. A wag of an exciſeman, hearing of the affair, reviled the barber, and called him a paper-ſcull ſon of a b-t-ch, for acting in ſuch an imprudent manner. This ſtung him more than the former calamity. "What do you mean, Sir?" ſays he; "my ſcull is as thick as your's, and be d-mn'd to you!"

"Arrah!" ſaid an Iriſh ſeaman to his officer, in conſequence of having made too free with a kettle, "can a thing be loſt when one knows where it is?" "No, Pat," anſwered the officer. "Why then, by Jaſus, Sir, your kettle is gone into the ſea!"

A rude

A RUDE Welchman being accuſed of ſtealing a blunderbuſs that was found upon him, replied, It was as falſe as Cot was true; and in order to prove it was his own property, affirmed, with an oath, that *he had brought it up!* Being deſired to explain what he meant by bringing it up, he anſwered, That it was a fery young one when it came to him at firſt, and that he had *brought it up* effer ſince it was a piſtol!

A POOR man who had diſcovered a prieſt too familiar with his wife, publicly related the circumſtance; but being unable to adduce ſufficient proof of the fact, he was proſecuted; and being commanded to ſtand up, in his pariſh church, at high maſs, and ſay, "Mouth, thou lieſt!" he fulfilled the penance. Preſently, however, he placed his hand on his eyes, exclaiming, "But eyes, by the maſs, ye lie not a whit!"

AT a late trial at Guildhall, between a buckle-maker plaintiff, and one of the ſame trade defendant, on an encroachment made on a patent which the former had obtained, Mr. Erſkine, as counſel for the plaintiff, diſplayed much rhetoric on the rapid improvement of the *arts*, and mentioned the invention of his client as entitled to public praiſe, and of courſe to the protection of law: in concluſion, looking at his own buckles, which were of the new pattern, he exclaimed with all the *warmth* of a *ſincere* advocate—"So elegantly are theſe ornaments conſtructed, that were my anceſtors to riſe from their graves, and happen to obſerve my legs, how would they be ſurpriſed!"—"Very true, my learned brother," cried Mr. Mingay, who was counſel for the defendant,

fendant, "they would be very much ſurpriſed indeed! to find you had got—either *ſhoes* or *ſtockings!*"

A PUNNING friend walking with a gentleman a few days ſince in St. Pancras church-yard, when they came to the tomb-ſtone of Woollet, which has only his name inſcribed, being aſked to give a remark extempore on the ſubject, immediately replied—

"Double U, double O, double L, E—
Thus I have ſpelt you his name, to a T."

A LADY ſtarting at a noiſe while ſitting at her harpſichord, ſurrounded with muſic books on the floor, enquired what was the matter—— "Nothing," replied a gentleman who ſtood behind her, "but my *Cane* has fallen on your ladyſhip's *Abel.*"

THE famous Bub Doddington, during the adminiſtration of the late Earl of Chatham, was appointed on an embaſſy to Holland. The Ambaſſador, on this occaſion, lamented the conciſeneſs of his Chriſtian name, as, according to the cuſtoms of the Dutch, he would, in conſequence of this misfortune, not be looked on as a man of *conſequence.* Lord Chatham ſaid, this objection was eaſily obviated, and adviſed him to add *Silly Bub* Doddington!

SOME young libertines, who had abuſed Pyrrhus when in their cups, were ſaved by a ſtroke of humour. The King ſent for them the next day to puniſh them for their inſolence; when, being reproached for their miſbehaviour, "Truly," replied

replied one of them, "if our wine had not been exhauſted, we ſhould have done worſe; we ſhould have aſſaſſinated you!"

A BAD painter having turned phyſician, was aſked what made him change his profeſſion;—"I thought it beſt," ſaid he, "to purſue that whoſe blunders are hidden *under-ground!*"

A LADY once aſking a French Ambaſſador who had reſided a long time in Poland, whether it was true that the Poliſh ladies were as white and as cold as the ſnow which covered their plains; he replied, "It is ſo true, Madam, that I have often *caught cold* by converſing with them!"

A FARMER going to the vicar of the pariſh to borrow a few buſhels of corn, was told to take the key of the granary and help himſelf. But he ſoon returned and told the vicar there was no corn there——"It is your fault then," replied the paſtor, "for if you had brought back what you borrowed of me laſt year, you would have found it there now."

MONSIEUR de Norcarmes, who made a conſtant practice of abuſing the fair-ſex, was one day amuſing himſelf with enlarging on his favourite topic in the preſence of Monſieur de Caubaque; when he maintained, that there did not exiſt a woman who had not violated the laws of modeſty and virtue—"If this be true," ſaid Monſieur de Caubaque, "you muſt then acknowledge that you are a cuckold and the ſon of a w——e."

A POOR

A POOR French Nobleman being adviſed to place two of his daughters in a convent, that they might become nuns, "My children," ſaid he, "are well diſpoſed to take the veil, but, unfortunately, they are not *rich* enough to make a vow of *poverty*."

A CATHOLIC prieſt, preaching on Eaſter Sunday, ſaid—"That our Saviour at his reſurrection appeared firſt to the two Mary's, that the important news being firſt made known to women, might be ſpread with the greater rapidity over the face of the earth."

THE celebrated Scarron wrote a copy of verſes, to which he prefixed a dedication in theſe words —"A Guillemette, *chienne de ma ſœur*—To Guillemette, my ſiſter's bitch." Some time after, when he was about to collect his poems for republication, having quarrelled with his ſiſter, he inſerted among the errata, "For *Chienne de ma ſœur*, read, *ma chienne de ſœur*—For my ſiſter's bitch, *read*, my bitch of a ſiſter!"

AT a country ſermon preached before a crouded congregation, it was remarked that every body ſhed tears except one peaſant, who on being aſked why he was not as much affected as the reſt, gravely anſwered, "Becauſe I am not of this pariſh!"

AFTER a ſplendid dinner at the London Tavern, one day laſt year, the chairman gave the uſual toaſt of the *Adelphi*, in alluſion to the royal brothers; when a certain City Knight, who was preſent, when it came to his turn to give a toaſt,

ſaid with great gravity, "Mr. Chairman, as we are giving public buildings, I'll *give you my* houſe at Taunton!"

A FARMER told his wife that he was credibly informed there was but one man in all the village who was not a cuckold—"And who do you think that one is, my dear?" ſaid he—"Faith, huſband," replied the woman, "I can't for my life imagine who it can poſſibly be!"

AN officer being wounded in the head, by a muſquet-ſhot, at the ſiege of Rochelle, the ſurgeons, who applied the firſt dreſſing, told him that the wound was very dangerous, and that they ſaw his brains. "Oh," ſaid he, "gentlemen, take out a few of them I beſeech you, and ſend them to Cardinal Richelieu, who has told me a hundred times a day, that I *never had any brains*."

A GENTLEMAN at Carthagena ſaid one morning gravely to his friend, "Before I go to reſt this night, the whole city will be thrown into confuſion." This he himſelf occaſioned by going home an hour before his uſual time, to the no ſmall vexation of his wife and of her cortejo, whoſe precipitate retreat, and unexpected arrival in his own houſe, occaſioned the like confuſion there; and thus, by ſucceſſive and ſimilar operations, was literally fulfilled the prediction of the morning.

THE effect of muſic on the ſenſes was oddly and wonderfully verified, during the late mourning for the Duke of Cumberland. A taylor had a great

a great number of black ſuits, which were to be finiſhed in a very ſhort ſpace of time—among his workmen, there was a fellow who was always ſinging *Rule Britannia*, and the reſt of the journeymen joined in the chorus—The taylor made his obſervations, and found that the ſlow time of the tune retarded the work; in conſequence, he engaged a blind fiddler, and placing him near the workſhop, made him play conſtantly the lively tune of *Nancy Dawſon*. The deſign had the proper effect—the taylors elbows moved obedient to the melody, and the cloaths were ſent home within the preſcribed period.

CHARLES FOX told an inſolent fellow, "he would kick him to hell."—"If you do," ſaid the other, "I will tell your father how you are ſquandering his money."

WHEN Charles Banniſter was gudgeon fiſhing with Mr. Wynn, at Wargrave, he addreſſed the boatman, "Are you married?"—"Yes, your honour."—"Don't your wife ſcold you?"—"No, your honour; why ſhould ſhe?"—"Becauſe you're out *raking* all day!"

IN the ſummer of 1786, as Mrs. Hitchcock's ſervant maid, of Crow-ſtreet Theatre, Dublin, was following her miſtreſs on a cart to Cork, where ſhe had gone a few days before, to join Mr. Daly's company, ſhe was ſurrounded by three ruffians, on a mountain between Clonmel and Cork, who brutally raviſhed the poor creature: when ſhe arrived at the Theatre, the deſpoiled wench ran immediately to her miſtreſs behind the ſcenes, and told the diſmal tale: at

the concluſion of the ſtory, Mrs. Hitchcock, who was then dreſſed for the Queen in Hamlet, bridling up her head, exclaimed with much ſolemnity, in the language of Shakeſpear, "Aye, it had been ſo with us, had we been there!"

When the *School for Scandal* was performing at Drury-lane Theatre with uncommon applauſe the firſt ſeaſon, Cumberland ſat in the ſtage-box, and was obſerved never to ſmile at any of the good things which the author had put into the mouths of the ſcenic perſonages. When the comedy was concluded, he improperly remarked he was much ſurpriſed that the audience ſhould laugh ſo immoderately at what could not make him ſmile. As there are ſocial traitors in all circles, this ſarcaſm was conveyed to Sheridan, who very coolly obſerved, that Cumberland was truly ungrateful, for not ſmiling at the comedy, as he had ſeen a tragedy of Cumberland's, at Covent-garden Theatre, but a fortnight before, and had laughed from the beginning to the end!

When Sir Francis Bacon was newly advanced to the Great Seal, Count Gondamor came to viſit him, and to compliment him on the honour conferred on him. My Lord replied, That he was to thank God and the King for that dignity; but yet ſo he might be rid of the burthen, he could very willingly forbear the honour; and that he formerly had a deſire, and the ſame continued with him ſtill, to lead a private life. "Now," ſaid Count Gondomar, "I will tell your Lordſhip a tale of an old rat, that would needs leave the world, and therewith acquainted the young rats that he would retire into his hole and ſpend his

his days ſolitarily, and would enjoy no more comfort; commanding them, upon his high diſpleaſure, not to offer to come in unto him. In obedience to this command, they forbare two or three days; at laſt one that was more hardy than the reſt, incited ſome of his fellows to go in with him, and he would venture to ſee how his father did, for he might be dead. They accordingly went in, and found the old rat ſitting in the midſt of a rich Parmeſan cheeſe!"—My Lord laughed; but his neceſſities, after that employment, accorded not with the fable.

Lord Lonſdale being lately about to encloſe a large common which had been very beneficial to the ſurrounding poor, was one day, with the aid of his ſteward, caſting up the expence of poſts, railing, &c. when a Noble Lord, who was preſent, obſerved to him, That he was overdoing the matter; for he need only reckon upon poſts, as all the neighbourhood would find him *railing!*

In Queen Elizabeth's time, when tilts and tournaments, and running at the ring was much in faſhion, there came a gentleman dreſſed in orange tawny, and ran extremely ill; the next day he came again, arrayed in green, and ran ſtill worſe; when one of the lookers on aſked another, "What is the reaſon that this gentleman changes his colours?" "Why," anſwered the other, "I think, becauſe it may be reported that the gentleman in the green ran worſe than the gentleman in the orange tawny!"

Lord M***f***d, of rotten finances, one day ordered a hat from the celebrated Bob Barraty, of Leadenhall-

Leadenhall-ſtreet; it was to be ſent home, and the bill with it. Looking at the *total* the next day, his Lordſhip was much ſurpriſed, and highly offended at the price; and immediately ſent for Bob. "Pray, Sir," ſays he, angrily, "what is the meaning of this unconſcionable charge?"—"Why, my Lord," ſays Barraty, in that eaſy kind of way peculiar to him, "we Citizens muſt *balance* accounts. If you do not pay me, then you cheat *me*; but if you ſhould happen to diſcharge the bill, then—I cheat *you!*"

PHILIP the Second of Spain, was ſo remarkably even in his temper, that when he received news of the diſperſion of his formidable armada, he coolly told the meſſenger, That he did not ſend out his ſhips to fight with the *winds!*

A CERTAIN Nobleman, who keeps a very large retinue, was one day, not long ſince, told by his ſteward, that much of his expence was very burthenſome, and indeed uſeleſs; for that his Lordſhip needed not ſo many ſervants: whereupon he ordered his ſteward to bring him a liſt of all his ſervants, and to mark down their names; which the frugal ſteward did, putting out above half his Lordſhip's retainers. When this ſcroll was preſented, the Nobleman aſked him why he marked ſo many out? "Becauſe, Sir," ſays he, "they are of no uſe to you." "Then," ſaid the Noble Lord, "if the other muſt ſtay, becauſe I *have* need of them, theſe ſhall ſtay becauſe *they have* need of me."

ANEC-

ANECDOTES OF DR. JOHNSON.

Collected from ſeveral Authors.

DR. Sumner, of Harrow, uſed to tell this ſtory of Johnſon: They were dining one day, with many other perſons, at Mrs. Macaulay's; ſhe had talked a long time at dinner about the natural equality of mankind; Johnſon, when ſhe had finiſhed her harangue, roſe up from the table, and with great ſolemnity of countenance, and a bow to the ground, ſaid to the ſervant, who was waiting behind his chair, Mr. John, pray be ſeated in my place, and permit me to wait upon you in my turn; your miſtreſs ſays, you hear, that we are all equal.

WHEN ſome one was lamenting Foote's unlucky fate in being kicked in Dublin, Johnſon ſaid he was glad of it; he is riſing in the world, ſaid he; when he was in England, no one thought it worth while to kick him.

JOHNSON uſed to ſay, a man was a ſcoundrel that was afraid of any thing.

OF the ſtate of learning amongſt the Scots, he ſaid, It is with their learning as with proviſions in a beſieged town—Every one has a mouthful, and no one a bellyful.

To ſome lady who was praiſing Shenſtone's poems very much, and who had an Italian greyhound lying by the fire, he ſaid, Shenſtone holds amongſt poets the ſame rank your dog holds amongſt

amongſt dogs; he has not the ſagacity of the hound, the docility of the ſpaniel, nor the courage of the bull-dog; yet he is ſtill a pretty fellow.

Of Foote's wit and readineſs of repartee he thought very highly—He was, ſays he, the readieſt dog at an eſcape I ever knew: if you thought you had him on the ground fairly down, he was upon his legs and over your ſhoulders again in an inſtant.

When ſome one aſked him, whether they ſhould introduce Hugh Kelly, the author, to him—No, Sir, ſays he; I never deſire to converſe with a man who has written more than he has read:—yet when his play was acted for the benefit of his widow, Johnſon furniſhed a prologue.

He ſaid, that when he firſt converſed with Mr. Bruce, the Abyſſinian traveller, he was very much inclined to believe he had been there; but that he had afterwards altered his opinion.

One day, on ſeeing an old terrier lie aſleep by the fire-ſide at Streatham, he ſaid, Preſto, you are, if poſſible, a more lazy dog than I am.

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Dr. Samuel Johnſon's tour through his Majeſty's Northern dominions has been very extenſive. After being ſome days at Edinburgh, he and Mr. Boſwell, who have for theſe many years talked of viſiting the Hebrides, went by Kinghorn, Cupar, St. Andrew's, Dundee, Aberbrothick, Montroſe, Aberdeen, Bamff, Cullen, Elgin, Forres, Nairn, Inverneſs, Fort Auguſtus, and through the wilds of Glenmoriſton and Glenſhiel, to Bernera. From thence they ſailed to the Iſle of Sky, the greateſt part of which they traverſed in their progreſs. They alſo made an excurſion to the iſland of Raſay, which is not far diſtant from Sky. The weather proved unluckily worſe than uſual even in that region, ſo that they were detained on the point of Slate a conſiderable time before they could get clear from Sky, in their courſe to the iſland of Mull, beyond which lies Icolmkill, which was a capital object of their curioſity; and when they had ſailed, at laſt the wind turned againſt them before they could reach Mull, drove them to the iſland of Coll, where they were kept by ſtorms for a fortnight. At length they got looſe, and arrived in Mull, over a good part of which they travelled by land. They were in the Iſles of Ulva and Inchhenneth, but could not get to Staffa, though near it, the ſurges were ſo high. They got a good paſſage to Icolmkill, and viewed the ancient buildings there with minute attention. They returned through Mull, and croſſed over to the main land of Argyleſhire, and then proceeded to Inverary, from whence they came to Edinburgh on Tueſday.

In the courſe of this progreſs Dr. Johnſon has ſeen the four Univerſity towns, many of the nobleſt religious ruins, the moſt rude and the beſt cultivated parts of Scotland, iſlands of different kinds, caves, caſcades, and other natural curioſities, with a variety of manners and cuſtoms altogether new to one who has ſpent his life in the South of England, and chiefly in London.

By a ſhip from Barcelona we are informed, that a Dutch veſſel carrying the Engliſh flag had been attacked off that place by a Spaniſh guarda coſta, but defended herſelf with great